

"VISITING HOURS"  
(THE FRIGHT)

by

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PRE-TITLE SEQUENCE

1. EXT. FIELD - SUNNY DAY - 1955

A boy, COLT, age ten, runs across a manicured field. Something appears to be after him. But suddenly he jumps, catches a football and falls. He jumps up and returns the pass.

ANGLE - DAN HAWKER

COLT'S FATHER, handsome, slender, playful, not drunk, flips the ball in his hand.

ANGLE - COLT

He waits for the ball. It doesn't come. He returns to his father who is opening the fifth beer in an almost empty six pack. He rests next to his father, tossing the ball up and catching it. He settles back in his father's arms.

2. EXT. MIDDLE CLASS WOOD FRAME HOUSE - MICHIGAN - 1955 - NIGHT

Move in on kitchen window.

An argument is in progress. DAN HAWKER sits at the kitchen table. He is concentrating on the dark scotch in his glass. A distraught WOMAN paces in front of the window. She is launching a verbal assault.

CUT TO:

3. INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME - NIGHT

ELIZABETH HAWKER is trying to contain herself. She's young, quite beautiful, but weariness is taking its toll. She shakes, as she speaks. What she's saying is not easy for her.

cont'd

3. cont'd

ELIZABETH

Just what do you plan to do?  
Are you going to work or take  
care of Colt? Cause I can't  
do both.

ANGLE - DAN HAWKER

Unkempt, still handsome, bleary-eyed, he turns a drunken head to his wife. He tries to speak but is too drunk to form the words.

RETURN TO ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH

Please give me that.

She reaches for the glass. He puts his hand on hers. It appears to be a moment of gentleness, a crying out for comfort, but it quickly turns to hostility. He squeezes it.

4. EXT. YARD - HAWKER HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY - SUNSHINE - 1955

DAN sits in the swing. COLT stands between his legs, hanging on to the ropes, gaining momentum. SOUND OF SQUEEKING ROPES. Faster. Faster. COLT is laughing. DAN is drunk. His head swims with the movement.

ANGLE - ELIZABETH - AT DOOR

She is just entering with groceries. She's upset by what she sees. A beer rests on the porch next to her. She kicks it off into the dirt.

5. INT. HOUSE - ANOTHER NIGHT - HAWKER KITCHEN - 1955

ELIZABETH HAWKER quarrels with her husband, DAN smokes a cigarette.

cont'd

5. cont'd

ELIZABETH

All right! Drink yourself right down  
the toilet. You're no good to me, to  
your son or to yourself. He adores  
you, Dan, and you don't deserve it.  
You even make him cook his own meal.  
(a beat)  
Jesus Christ! You can't even do that  
for me.

She moves to the stove. A PAN OF HOT FAT IS BOILING.  
She starts peeling potatoes to make french fries.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

I've had it, Dan. I'm telling you.  
I've had it.

DAN gets up and walks towards his wife. She resists his  
foreplay. The platter with the french fries crashes to  
the floor.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

Goddamnit!

6. INT. HAWKER HOUSE - COLT'S ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

COLT, wearing pajamas, is awakened by the noise. He gets  
up, exits the room.

6A. INT. HAWKER HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

COLT descends quietly.

7. INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME - NIGHT

A hand reaches out for Elizabeth, starts unbuttoning her  
blouse. Drunken hands are all over her.

cont'd

7. cont'd

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

Leave me alone! Dan, I said leave me alone!

DAN falls to his knees, too drunk to stand. He takes half his wife's dress with him. He starts ripping at her dress, pulling pieces away.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

No! No!

QUICK CUT TO:

8, INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME - NIGHT

COLT is in the corridor. Kitchen doors are closed. COLT cannot see what is happening in the kitchen.

ELIZABETH (v.o.)

I'm warning you!

COLT pushes open the door.

ANGLE - INTERIOR KITCHEN

ELIZABETH takes the pan of hot fat and flings it in DAN'S face. It is a fraction of a second in time that will change all their lives. Coincidence and violence blend in that moment. COLT has only seen part of a scene, but that part will distort his perception.

Close shot - a deadly wave of grease

It rolls through the air like hot surf, scarring the side of DAN HAWKER'S handsome face. HE SCREAMS. Falls, His head hits the side of the door. He falls.

ANGLE - COLT - AGE 10

Pained wide eyes swallow the horror of the moment: an innocent corrupted by violence. A spray of fat hits his arm. He raises his arm and SCREAMS.

cont'd

8. cont'd

ANGLE - ELIZABETH

She drops the pan. The incident comes crashing down on her.

ANGLE - DAN HAWKER

One side of his face is already starting to melt.

Close shot - COLT

Move in on his eyes, Deeper... Deeper,,,taking us to:

25 YEARS LATER

18. INT. T.V. STUDIO CORRIDOR

DEBORAH BALLIN enters. She's trying to take the pins out of her hair. GARY BAYLOR approaches. News Director, he's casual, forty, enormously likeable. The kind of entertainment executive people point to in an effort to prove the business isn't all bad. DEBORAH's HAIRDRESSER, who's been with her for ten years, approaches with GARY. She slaps DEBORAH's hands.

HAIRDRESSER

Leave it alone.

DEBORAH

I'm going to cut it all off and dye it green.

HAIRDRESSER

No you're not.

GARY moves into frame. He gives DEBORAH a perfunctory kiss.

GARY

You're cutting it close tonight.  
Lucky we're not live.

1st Rev. - Pink -  
August 25, 1980.

2nd Rev. blue  
Sept. 2nd 1980

- 6.

NOTE: Scenes 9 to 17 Inclusive/Pages 7 to 11 Inclusive  
have been deleted.

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12. cont'd

DEBORAH looks up at him, wants to tell him something.

GARY (cont'd)

What's the matter?

DEBORAH shakes her head.

GARY (cont'd)

(cajoling Her)

Come on.

DEBORAH

Later.

(a beat)

Wat's the lawyer like?

GARY

One of the best in the country and you  
want to hit him he's so smug.

DEBORAH

Well, why not. He's won.

GARY

Relax. It's not your fight.

He massages her shoulder, guiding her towards her dressing room.

DEBORAH

(loving it)

Mmmmmmm.

He kisses her head.

He's messed her hair. HAIRDRESSER stares at him.

19. INT. TV STUDIO - TAPING AREA - NIGHT

Major network. From this studio come the shows requiring grand treatment. "America Today" is being taped; a news magazine show taped for a later transmission is in progress. It is here we discover the charismatic personality of DEBORAH BALLIN. She's tough, unrelenting and yet has worldly womanliness. We cut in on the tail end of the interview. PORTER HALSTROM, representing the prosecution of the JANET MACKLIN CASE is sporting his cool. He and DEBORAH sit side by side. A small table separates them.

DEBORAH

...it says that Janet Macklin was discovered with contusions, a mild concussion, a ruptured eardrum. Aren't these indication she was a battered wife?

PORTR

Or made to look that way.

DEBORAH

By whom?

PORTR

Herself.

DEBORAH

In other words, she shot her husband and then threw herself down the stairs to make it look like self defense.

PORTR

Perhaps.

19. cont'd

DEBORAH

You are a very gifted lawyer.

PORTRER

Thank you.

DEBORAH

Yes, only a very gifted lawyer could convince the jury that Janet Macklin without provocation, assaulted and severely crippled her husband for life.

QUICK CUT TO:

20. INT. VISITORS BOOTH - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Close shot- arm - including TV

Pan down vein pattern on inside of arm. It is squeezing a tension ball. The arm is badly scarred. Stay on arm.

PORTRER

Miss Ballin, try to imagine yourself in court with the complete text at your disposal instead of...(pointing to her notes) the abridged press version you keep referring to...out of court verdicts are based on emotion. In court, hard facts rule.

DEBORAH

I have read the complete text. Mr. Halstrom, isn't it a hard fact that Janet Macklin's husband could have attacked her first?

COLT squeezes the ball harder.

PORTRER

Her counsel pleaded self-defense...and lost the case.

20. cont'd

PORTER is pleased with himself.

DEBORAH

Her counsel was a twenty-six year old Public Defender right out of law school.

PORTER

He passed the bar.

DEBORAH

Yes, just last year. This was his second case..

PORTER

That doesn't...

DEBORAH

Ted MacKlin is from a rich family.

PORTER

Yes.

DEBORAH

Powerful.

PORTER

Influential, yes.

21. INT. ENGINEERS BOOTH - SAME TIME - NIGHT

ANGLE - INCLUDING GARY AND MONITOR

GARY

What the hell's she doing?

ENGINEER

Nailing his snug ass.

cont'd

2nd Rev. blue  
Sept. 2nd 1980

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21. cont'd

DEBORAH

Not only politically influential but your client's family owns two farms, a construction firm, a bank, an auto dealership...Wouldn't you say the town they lived in was practically theirs?

PORTR

Nobody owns a town. This country is full of wealthy people.

DEBORAH

But when those wealthy people control the jobs of people who serve on a jury in a case involving...

PORTR

May I warn you that you're just this side of being libelous.

GARY

Jesus Christ!

DEBORAH

Would you be prepared to discuss this case next week with her new lawyer on this show?

PORTR

I didn't know she had one.

DEBORAH

She has as of three fifteen this afternoon. William Craft Davies has accepted her case.

CUT TO:

con'd

22. INT. VISITORS BOOTH

ANGLE - COLT

DEBORAH (cont'd)

A fund has been started for her defense,  
which I, for one, would be happy to endorse.

COLT grabs hold of the television cord. He yanks it from the wall. The screen goes blank. He wraps it around his knuckles.

CLOSE SHOT - COLT's eyes

Dark with violence for this woman.

QUICK CUT TO:

22A. INT. ENGINEER'S BOOTH

ANGLE - MONITORS AND GARY

He exits in a fury. "America today" roll covers DEBORAH and PORTER.

23. INT. TV STUDIO - HALF-HOUR LATER

Travelling.

DEBORAH and GARY walk hurriedly through the din of a backstage wrap-up.

GARY

Are you nuts!

DEBORAH

Listen, I feel good about what I did.

GARY

You put that bastard on trial.

DEBORAH

He should have been put on trial.

GARY

Your job is not to take sides.

DEBORAH

What is my job? All I did was to try and get an even break for somebody.

Nearing the phone kiosk.

GARY

You're wrong. You know that.

DEBORAH

I'm right and I need fuel to fight. Let's eat, huh?

GARY

I should make you pick up the tab.

DEBORAH

(picking up the phone)  
I'll call Francine.

DEBORAH dials.

23. cont'd

GARY

Really dumb.  
(while she's dialing)  
I really hate Grandstanding.

DEBORAH

Shhh.  
(into phone)  
Francine?  
(a beat)  
You got back okay?  
(a beat)  
Good. Listen, the living room's getting  
a little gamy. Cigarette smoke, liquor  
on the....  
(a beat)  
I didn't ask you to scrub the carpet.  
Just clear out the glasses, okay?  
(to Gary)  
She thinks she's a house guest.  
(a beat)  
No, I won't be back for dinner.  
(a beat)  
Right, Bye.

She hangs up.

GARY

Why don't you fire her?

DEBORAH

I'm getting close.

A beat.

GARY

Deb, I can't put that on the air.

DEBORAH starts to speak. She's too angry. She bursts through  
the door into a hallway.

cont'd

23. cont'd

GARY

(following)  
Now wait a minute!

He exits.

23A. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

GARY catches up. He grabs DEBORAH's arm. She pulls away. She can barely contain herself.

DEBORAH

I'm ... so angry.

GARY moves towards her.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

Please don't get close.

DEBORAH moves on down the hall.

GARY

You admit you were wrong and you still  
can't see my side.

DEBORAH continues on.

GARY

We'll talk about it over dinner!  
(a beat)  
At least let me take you home!

DEBORAH

(shouting back)  
I'm not going home!

GARY

Goddamnit, will you wait?!

DEBORAH

I gotta walk!

She crashes through the doors leading to the parking lot.

23B      EXT. DEBORAH WALKING HOME - NIGHT

Various locations: city, semi-rural, suburban.

1st Rev. - Pink -  
August 28, 1980.

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24. cont'd

GARY

Deb, I can't put it on the air.

DEBORAH (to parking attendant)

Here!

GARY

Let's have a drink.

DEBORAH

Drink? Look, you have a drink.  
I'm going home.

ATTENDANT takes her ticket.

GARY

You admit you were wrong and still  
can't see my side.

DEBORAH

I admit to stretching the rules . . .  
. . . to save a life.

GARY

You're not stretching the rules, Deb,  
you're twisting the truth.

DEBORAH starts to get into the car.

DEBORAH

You, Me, My contract?  
(a beat)  
Very thin ice.

DEBORAH drops behind the wheel and spins out of the  
lot.

25. EXT. DEBORAH BALLIN HOUSE - LATE THAT NIGHT

Two headlights cut across the massive Victorian structure. A lawn slopes down to the street and the world beyond this silent, grand fortress. DEBORAH pulls into the garage, turns off the lights, exits and pulls down the garage door. She walks to the front door. Enters.

26. INT. DEBORAH BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT - FOYER

A large foyer separates the living room from the dining room. A few lights are on. In the low wattage one can see the exquisite pieces of Chippendale, Early American and Queen Anne blended in comfortable harmony. Colors are muted for the most part, but occasionally some brightly-colored crushed velvet will break the tasteful monotony.

ANGLE - FAVORING LIVING ROOM

Glasses, cheese tray, a crusted dip, water-logged olives are scattered about in half-eaten chaos.

Return to DEBORAH.

She sighs. Moves to living room.

27. INT. LIVING ROOM - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

DEBORAH starts to pick up a few things and puts them back. She is slowly burning a short fuse.

DEBORAH

Christ!

ANGLE - SOLARIUM

A light flickers

ANGLE - DEBORAH

Confused as she enters solarium.

28. INT. SOLARIUM - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

She flicks the light off. Turns on mood lighting behind plants. She hears a noise.

DEBORAH

Francine?

She walks slowly through the miniature forest following the noise.

ANGLE - WINDOW

It is open and banging against a plant.

A large BIRD CAGE: its door is open - the bird is gone.

DEBORAH

Shit!  
(a beat)  
Francine!

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She shakes her head, closes the door, sighs and exits.

29. INT. LIVING ROOM - BALLIN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

DEBORAH enters. She picks up last night's hors-d'oeuvres and exits. She enters foyer.

30. INT. FOYER - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE - STAIRS

DEBORAH turns, SOUND of shower running. She continues on into the dining room.

31. INT. DINING ROOM - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

DEBORAH enters. She puts the hors-d'oeuvre tray down and checks the mail. She pauses. Anger building.

DEBORAH

Francine!  
(a beat)  
I give up.

She throws down the mail and moves back into the foyer.

32. INT. FOYER - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

DEBORAH starts up the stairs. Bed linen is tossed on the side.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She looks at it littering the stairway. Stands for a moment, turns her head towards her bedroom, takes a concerned beat and continues ascending.

33. INT. UPPER LEVEL - HALLWAY - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

The large bedrooms are separated by a long hallway. SOUND of shower running is louder. DEBORAH stops, stares in the guest bedroom, takes a beat, then:

ANGLE - FAVORING GUEST BEDROOM

DEBORAH sticks her head in and shouts.

DEBORAH

I want this mess cleaned up before  
you leave tonight!

DEBORAH moves to her bedroom.

34. INT. BEDROOM - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

DEBORAH enters. The bedroom is large, deliberately spare. It has an elegant spartan flavor to it. This is a woman who surrounds herself with a few good pieces, things she must have for their utilitarian purpose and, at the same time, intrinsic beauty: a four-poster bed, an antique vanity, a nineteenth century armoire.

No mediocre objets d'art here. A few paintings of the classical school, some iron sculpture, a few pre-Columbian pieces. Everything has the accent on MAN: a definite anthropological leaning to the art. DEBORAH BALLIN is a woman involved with mankind.

ANGLE - BED

Unmade.

Return to DEBORAH - Puzzled, surprised and annoyed.

DEBORAH goes to the closet, opens it - nothing. She takes out her robe and puts it on. A large bird flies out of the wardrobe, shrieking. Frightened, she recognizes him and is relieved, she smiles. The bird settles on the armoire.

DEBORAH (frustrated with  
finality)

That's it.

35. INT. GUEST ROOM - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

DEBORAH enters. She doesn't stop, moves right to the bathroom.

36. INT. BATHROOM - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Large, tiled, full of steam. DEBORAH enters, waves some of the steam away. Coughs. She walks to the shower.

cont'd

36. cont'd

ANGLE - FAVORING SHOWER

DEBORAH pulls back the shower curtain in one gesture and speaks.

DEBORAH

Goddamnit, Francine!

The shower is empty. Hot steam rolls out like a billowing fog. DEBORAH turns off the water. She stands back confused.

She turns.

ANGLE - MIRROR

A FIGURE.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She bolts. There in the thick steam she has seen her reflection, which, obscured by steam, looked like a dangerous intruder. She sighs relief. She exits.

37. INT. GUEST ROOM - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE - CLOSET

A huge bath towel hangs carelessly on the closet door.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

A frustrated sigh. FRANCINE has carried the "house guest" charge to the limit. She moves to the towel, pulls it off the door with angry abandon.

ANGLE - DOOR

COLT, hair slicked back, covered in very good female jewelry, stands poised with a slender knife arced above his head. His bejeweled presence is a mockery, a terrifying fusion of masculinity and feminine adornment.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

cont'd

37. cont'd

Total shock. She can't speak. In a fraction of a second:

RETURN TO COLT

He slams it down across DEBORAH's chest, opening it up.

Sound of tinkling bell. He raises it again.

RETURN TO DEBORAH

She screams, turns and runs as the knife comes down across her shoulder. Running, running.

Bleeding from two wounds, DEBORAH escapes towards the door.

ANGLE - COLT

He moves out of the shadows, taking deliberate steps as though he were stalking felled game.

38. ~~DELETED~~

38. cont'd

In the steam-filled bathroom, his nakedness obscured by the foggy steam, COLT, knife in hand, pursues.

39. INT. HALLWAY - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

DEBORAH rushes toward her room. COLT, merely a sexless form in the darkness of the hall, follows with deliberate steps. He slams the knife down just as the door slams. LOCKS.

QUICK CUT TO:

40. INT. DEBORAH'S BEDROOM - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Back against the door, breathing heavily, she can hear the knife being removed from the other side. She whimpering softly. Her eyes wander around the room.

POV - DEBORAH

Fearful eyes scan the room.

ANGLE - DRESSER

Her jewellery box has been opened. She grabs the phone. Can't get a dial tone.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She moves slowly to the door, listens. She starts to kneel to the keyhole.

Close shot - Doorknob and keyhole

DEBORAH's head slowly comes into frame. She's anxious yet frightened to look out. The large keyhole would permit the point of a blade. Slowly, she sticks her eye to the keyhole.

cont'd

40. cont'd

POV - DEBORAH (insert)

COLT buttons up his trousers. We can see his waist and chest. Suddenly, he stops. A beat. All that remains is a small gold bell around his throat. It makes a tinkling SOUND.

DEBORAH raises up. Looks for an escape. The window. She rushes toward it. Flings it open.

ANGLE - FAVORING EXTERIOR

Across the street, a considerable distance away, some activity in a house. A SMALL GATHERING.

DEBORAH

Help me! For God's sake, somebody help me! Please! Somebody!

A banging on her bedroom door.

Close shot - DEBORAH

She doesn't know what to do.

DEBORAH (continuing)

Help me!

Distressed, the bird files round and round in the room, shrieking. Terrifying.

ANGLE - FAVORING EXTERIOR

On the porch of the house across the street, TWO MEN have gathered questioning the shouts.

DEBORAH (continuing)

Here! Please! Help me!

ANGLE - DOOR

It's starting to give.

cont'd

40. cont'd

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She searches madly for protection.

ANGLE - DUMBWAITER

She moves towards it, opens it, crawls in.

ANGLE - DOOR

Some of the frame is coming away. A knife slips through, cutting the door loose from the wood casing.  
SPLINTERS fly.

Return to dumbwaiter.

DEBORAH is trying to fit in, pull the dumbwaiter shut.

ANGLE - DOOR

COLT is almost in.

Return the dumbwaiter.

DEBORAH pulls the door shut.

ANGLE - DOOR

COLT bursts through.

41. INT. DEBORAH'S DUMBWAITER - NIGHT

POV - DEBORAH

COLT attacks. Dumbwaiter door closing cuts him off from view. A knife slips through, just missing her eyes. DEBORAH screams, grabs the ropes and starts the descent.

ANGLE - COLT

He pulls the dumbwaiter door open and begins cutting the rope.

cont'd

41. cont'd

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She tries to descend faster.

ANGLE - ROPE

It snaps.

42. INT. KITCHEN - BALLIN HOUSE - NIGHT

DEBORAH spills out onto the floor. She cries out. A bone has broken or something has become dislocated. She rolls over in agony.

ANGLE - KITCHEN TABLE

Close shot: DEBORAH

FRANCINE, throat cut, lies under the kitchen table. DEBORAH screams and crawls toward the back door.

ANGLE - DOOR

DEBORAH reaches. Reaches.

ANGLE - KITCHEN ENTRANCE FROM DINING ROOM

A dark void. Silence.

Return to door.

DEBORAH's hand turns the handle. It opens wide.

ANGLE - FAVORING EXTERIOR

A MAN. Huge. Dark. It is not COLT. A neighbor.

CUT TO:

43. EXT. STREET - NEAR BALLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An ambulance pulls out, sirens screaming. Several PEOPLE stand about watching.

43. cont'd

EXT. STREET - ANOTHER ANGLE

COLT's dark van pulls out, following the ambulance.

44. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The ambulance tears up the night, the baleful whine  
of the siren slicing through the warm Summer night.

SMASH CUT TO:

45. D E L E T E D

46. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - SAME TIME - NIGHT

The hospital stands high and proud against the night.  
Pan down to find:

ANGLE - SIDE OF COLT'S VAN - SHINY, WELL TENDED

The hospital is in the distance, a mighty fortress  
guarding his victim from assault.

CUT TO:

page 32 : D E L E T E D

47. DELETED

48. INT. EXTREME CLOSEUP - GAMMA III COMPUTER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Brilliant colors blend as the RADIOLOGIST reads the X-ray of DEBORAH's heart. The EMERGENCY DOCTOR stands with him. The RADIOLOGIST switches colors. Suddenly, the nomenclature is shaded more dramatically, making diagnosis easier. New colors roll in, creating a sensible whole, a three-dimensional view of the heart. THROUGH THIS:

RADIOLOGIST

Missed it by a few centimeters. Tore up the muscular wall, though.

EMERGENCY DOCTOR

What about the other X-rays?

RADIOLOGIST

Nasty open fracture of the humerus.

EMERGENCY DOCTOR

Yeah. That's going to cause problems.  
They may have to go in.

RADIOLOGIST

He really messed her up. Could she handle surgery?

EMERGENCY DOCTOR

Not yet.  
(a long beat)  
Thanks, Pete.

He exits.

Scenes 49 & 50: D E L E T E D

Note: page 33A deleted.

50. cont'd

DEBORAH's arm is bandaged, splinted and raised. She sleeps. A mended broken doll. SOUND of someone entering. A BEAT.

A dangerous shadow. A beat. Gentle hands tuck her in, pull the curtains around her bed.

Pan through room.

END OF SCRIPT DAY I

51. INT. ROOMING HOUSE HALLWAY - NEXT DAY - RAINY AND DARK

COLT steps in, dripping wet. Wainscoting need a fresh stain, wallpaper is beginning to fade, scatter rugs hide the blemished carpet. This is a good, solid old house which has been sectioned into rooms. A stairway leads to several rooms upstairs.

ANGLE - APARTMENT DOOR

LOUISE SHEPHERD sticks her head out. Late fifties. good but slightly sagging features have been painted with shades far too elaborate for her age. She's a study in excess: plucked eyebrows, exotic eye shadow, red lips, black mascara. It's an animated death mask. Ex-movie contractee, she's still coquettish approaching sixty.

LOUISE

Colt, I'm glad you're back. Guess what's on? "Murder On The Limited". I just play a small part, but it's one of the first films I did for Monogram.

ANGLE - COLT

He stops. Turns. Smiles, saying nothing. He turns back and starts up the stairs.

cont'd

51. cont'd

LOUISE (o.s.)

(in an effort to develop a dialogue)  
I looked for my letter in The Times  
this morning. They didn't print it.

CUT TO:

COLT - PROFILE

He starts up the stairs.

LOUISE

I know how you're always writing letters  
to people. Your're right, you know. No-  
body listens.

He moves to his door.

LOUISE

Got one of those form letters from my  
Congressman once, but...

COLT enters his apartment. Slams the door.

LOUISE

So shy.

She comforts herself with this and closes her door.  
Her closed door takes us to:

52. INT. COLT'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER - DAY (RAINY AND DARK)

ANGLE - WALL

It is covered with framed letters, not replies. These are obvious Xeroxes. Letters to his congressman, newspapers, popular figures, TV Personalities.

Close shot - Letter heading

DEBORAH BALLIN  
M T V  
4027 West Lincoln,  
Boston, Mass.

ANGLE - COLT

We see an alienated man, a lost soul trapped in a world of one way communication. He has opinions but no one will listen. They don't even reply. His link with the outside world is Television. He turns to flick it on. It's his only friend.

ANGLE - T.V.

It's an upbeat talk show. People chat inaudibly. There is much laughter.

Moving in on mouths flapping.

ANGLE - COLT

He is not laughing.

CUT TO:

53. INT. CLOSET - COLT'S APARTMENT

COLT enters the dark maw, flicks on a bulb: jeans, work shirts, a leather jacket, no dress clothes. This is the wardrobe of someone who eats alone and in coffee shops. On the far wall is a collage of photographs.

cont'd

53. cont'd

Moving in: JUDGE GWEN CALDER in several candid photographs and about six of her slow descent into death taken in the botanical gardens. The assortment is arranged strangely... A circular construction. This is a collage that is not yet finished. The light flicks off.

52A. INT. BEDROOM - WIDE ANGLE

It is full of old furniture, heavy, good pieces but forgotten and worn. A tattered reminder of another time.

ANGLE - BED

COLT tosses a package on the bed. The brown wrapping reads "Uniform Supplies".

He takes a thin knife and slips it into his belt, lethally designed for this purpose. He takes his small camera and puts it into his pocket.

54. INT. ROOM 1031 - THAT AFTERNOON - STILL RAINING

Slow pan to bed. SOUNDS within the curtained cocoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She slowly awakens. Eyes begin to focus. Mind begins to register.

POV - DEBORAH

ANGLE - DOOR

It opens. A shadowy figure approaches.

Return to DEBORAH.

cont'd

54. cont'd

Fear. THE MAN in the shower. Back to finish the job.

POV - DEBORAH

The shadow approaches. The curtains are pulled. It's a young NURSE, SHEILA MUNRO, 28, pretty, fair and lightly freckled. She smiles. Flowers abound, giving her a colorful backdrop.

SHEILA

Hi!

DEBORAH doesn't answer. She's trying to get oriented.

SHEILA (continuing)

You're at County General Hospital.

DEBORAH (licking her lips)

Dry.

SHEILA

Here.

Sheila takes a container with a straw inserted and moves it to DEBORAH'S mouth. She sucks in a liquid.

SHEILA (continuing)

You feel well enough to talk?

Deborah checks her damage. She's vague.

SHEILA

(repeating, gently, closely)

The police are here.

A beat.

DEBORAH

(coming around)

Oh. . .

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54. cont'd

SHEILA

I'll make sure they keep it brief.

SHEILA takes the container away. DEBORAH looks at her arm which is in a cast strapped to her chest. She has fractured her humerus, thus the arm is immobilized.

DEBORAH

(checking herself out)

How bad is it?

SHEILA

You're okay. The doctor will explain.  
(a beat; looking around, regarding flowers)

You've got a lot of friends. Or know a lot of florists.

DEBORAH tries to smile. Her eyes well up. She starts to cry softly, fighting it every moment.

ANGLE - SHEILA

SHEILA (continuing)

I know.

SHEILA hands her some tissue.

ANGLE - INCLUDING SHEILA AND DEBORAH

DEBORAH wipes her eyes. She breathes deeply.

DEBORAH

Give me a second.

SHEILA

Sure.

cont'd

54. Cont'd

DEBORAH

You have a mirror?

(a beat)

A mirror.

SHEILA brings in a shaving mirror from the bathroom.

DEBORAH

(touching her face)

He didn't . . .

DEBORAH checks the damage. The tears flow again. DEBORAH is riddled with anger, fear and the sheer revulsion of the act committed against her.

DEBORAH

(continuing; chiding herself)

Come on. Come on. Let's get it together.

She wipes her eyes. Takes a deep breath.

DEBORAH

(continuing; facetiously)

Perfect.

SHEILA

(half laughing)

You look fine.

DEBORAH

No, I don't. But why should I?  
Send in the clowns.

SHEILA walks to the door, opens it. TWO PLAINCLOTHESMEN enter. SHEILA stands at the door for a moment. She hears:

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(OS)

Ms. Ballin?

DEBORAH

(OS)

Yes.

*live  
one missin]*

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54. Cont'd

(OS) PLAINCLOTHESMAN

This won't take long.

(OS) DEBORAH

I can tell you right now. I  
don't remember much.

SHEILA closes the door. A beat.

55. INT. WARD CORRIDORS - LATE AFTERNOON

Following SHEILA to ward desk.

ANGLE - DESK

CONNIE WEXLER, R.N. writes in her little black book.  
SHEILA advances, checks a record. TWO ORDERLIES approach. PATRICIA ELLIS, R.N. approaches.

CONNIE

I've just started a rating system.  
That young resident?

SHEILA (preoccupied)

Huh?

CONNIE

The one I went out with.  
(a beat)  
Doctor Harvey.

SHEILA (still preoccupied)

Yeah.

CONNIE

He gets a 'two'. That's a new low.  
He cries in bed.

PATRICIA

Better than laughing.

SHEILA (to Orderlies)

Are 1001 and 1003 ready?

They look at one another. They forgot. They return down the hall.

cont'd

55. cont'd

DONNA MALONEY, R.N. has just gone off duty. She comes toward them. She speaks hurriedly, confidentially.

DONNA

(opening her blouse)  
What do you think?

She reveals a pink sequined tee shirt under her nurse's blouse.  
It spells "sting".

DONNA (cont'd)

It's for my audition.

SHEILA

(reading)  
"Sting"  
(a beat)  
Cute.

DONNA

(buttoning up her blouse)  
Yeah. Bees are sexy. Now we  
need a choreographer.

She exits.

CONNIE

And a voice.

PATRICIA

Anyway, you were saying he  
cries in bed...

cont'd

55. cont'd

CONNIE

(to Patricia)

Oh, yeah,  
don't ask me why, I turned  
down the lights, we started to  
make love and he started whimpering.  
It's crazy! He's an obstetrician.

(a beat)

PATRICIA

Hang on to him. I think you're  
going to need him.

SHEILA

Don't let that book get in the  
wrong hands.

DONNA exits. SHEILA smiles.

56. INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM 1031 - DUSK

ANGLE - MAN STANDING IN FRONT OF BED (vague)

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She opens her eyes.

ANGLE - MAN

It's GARY BAYLOR. He's visibly upset. He works up a  
smile.

GARY

Under the circumstances...

DEBORAH (filling in)

...I don't look too bad.  
(smiles, putting out her hand)  
Take the good one.

cont'd

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56. cont'd

GARY

Know what I'm thinking?

DEBORAH

If we hadn't argued, this would never...

GARY

Right.

DEBORAH

If you'd come back with me, we might  
be sharing this room...or a slab.

(a beat; she's fighting tears)

...The lousy bastard.

(a beat)

Did you see what he did? Francine...

GARY

I know.

He squeezes her hand.

DEBORAH

You don't know. (a beat) Why?  
Why?

*Lent  
Missing*

cont'd

56. cont'd

DEBORAH

(a beat)

Why didn't he just take what he wanted and leave? Why did he . . .

GARY ponders the possibility that it might be connected to her controversial postures.

GARY

Just a crazy.

DEBORAH nods. She wipes her eyes.

DEBORAH

How long are they going to keep me in here?

GARY

To put it as gently as I can, you'll be seeing your show from this bed.

DEBORAH

Edited.

GARY smiles. Kisses her lightly on the forehead. SHEILA enters, wheeling in oxygen equipment.

DEBORAH (continuing)

What's that?

SHEILA

Intensive care equipment.  
(a beat)

DEBORAH

For me?

cont'd

56. cont'd

SHEILA

For you.  
(a beat)  
For anyone who needs it.

DEBORAH

As long as I don't have to share  
the bed.

SHEILA walks to the window. She closes it. The curtains billow  
out, a filmy veil taking us to:

Scenes 57, 58, & 59 : D E L E T E D

60. EXT. GARAGE - REAR OF ROOMING HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - RAIN

We can hear the rain pelting down. COLT puts a magnetic  
'FLORIST' decal on his van.

CUT TO:

NOTE: PAGES 46 & 47 are DELETED.

61. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT -  
RAIN HAS STOPPED

COLT, dressed as a delivery man, parks in front of the Hospital. He pulls a flower arrangement out of his van. It's the end of visiting hours.

62. INT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - MAIN DESK - THAT NIGHT

Flowers fill the frame

MAIN DESK NURSE (v.o.)

Deborah Ballin?  
(a beat)  
Tenth floor. Leave them at the desk.  
Might as well take these up too.

ANGLE - PLANT

"DEBORAH BALLIN, 1031" is written on it. A man in a delivery man's outfit obscures our view. He moves towards the elevator. It's COLT.

Close shot - feet

COLT's determined footsteps to the elevator.

63. INT. ELEVATOR - COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - SAME TIME -  
NIGHT

COLT, half-obsured by TWO DOCTORS and A NURSE, stands in the back, waiting for the doors to close. The DOCTORS and NURSE talk quietly amongst themselves. The doors close.

64. INT. CORRIDORS - PRIVATE WARD - MINUTES LATER

From the back, we see COLT (Delivery Man) make his way to 1031. Suddenly, an aged hand grabs his shoulder. He stops, in his tracks.

Close shot - A very old man

Cataracts have turned his eyes into multi-colored marbles, giving him an unearthly look. His toothless, ruined face searches.

OLD MAN

Are you an Orderly?

COLT pulls his arm away. He moves on.

OLD MAN (continuing)

Somebody!

COLT sees several NURSES start to turn. He moves into a dark room.

65. INT. ROOM - PRIVATE WARD - NIGHT

SOUNDS of a NURSE chiding her wayfarer patient.

NURSE (o.s.)

Mr. Delaney! For heaven's sake.

OLD MAN (o.s.)

I want to go to the lounge!

NURSE (o.s.)

Come on. Back to bed.

ANGLE - ROOM

cont'd

65. cont'd

Darkness. A light under the bathroom door. COLT disappears into the dark. The door opens. CONNIE WEXLER exits, remembers something, returns to the bathroom. COLT drops the plants. Exits.

66. INT. PRIVATE WARD DESK - NIGHT

SHEILA is on the phone. Her back is to COLT. He overhears:

SHEILA

No. I'm going to be late.

(a beat)

Well, I want to keep an eye on Deborah Ballin. She's suffered a lot. After what that creep did to her, I...

(a beat)

What? Christ knows. An animal that would do that should be caged and fed raw meat.

(a beat)

Anyway, I appointed myself sort of an official watch dog. Keep the Press away, screen visitors. Stuff like that.

Close shot - COLT

He registers the assessment of him and the task SHEILA has created for herself. He moves on.

*hell with the damn car, she*

67. INT. WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ANGLE - 1031

COLT slips in.

68. INT. ROOM 1031 - NIGHT

POV - PATIENT - inside oxygen tent -

ANGLE - FAVORING HAIR - same color as DEBORAH's.

SOUND of heavy breathing. A translucent form comes towards the tent. Stops.

ANGLE - A HAND

It's resting near the NURSES's aid switch.

POV - through PATIENT's eyes

She sees a form pass her bed.

ANGLE - COLT

He moves to the oxygen tubes connected to the wall.  
He cuts them. SOUND of heavy breathing.

ANGLE - BED - THROUGH TRANSLUCENT TENT

The shadow of a hand reaches up, groping, pleading  
for air.

ANGLE - COLT

He sticks the knife into the tent.

POV - PATIENT

She's struggling for breath. The blade slips through,  
slicing the plastic veil down the middle.

Close shot- COLT - his eyes

Confusion. He was expecting DEBORAH BALLIN.

ANGLE - MRS. CORRIGAN

Old and fragile, with watery, fatigued eyes, she looks  
up at this intruder with a knife.

cont'd

68. cont'd

Return to COLT's eyes

Determined. He's been seen, She must die.

ANGLE - MRS. CORRIGAN

She struggles to understand what is happening.  
Suddenly, her eyes register horror.

ANGLE - COLT - OVER HIS SHOULDERS - FAVORING MRS.  
CORRIGAN

COLT places the knife on the side of the bed. He looks  
at her. He pulls out his camera and begins taking photo-  
graphs of MRS. CORRIGAN in the last stage of life. The  
frozen images of her death and the "WHOSH" of an auto-  
matic camera take us to:

CUT TO:

69. INT. DEBORAH'S ROOM 1003 - SAME TIME

Overlap repetition of camera. An unearthly link has  
connected COLT's latest aggression to DEBORAH. She  
tosses about as in a nightmare. She bolts up. SOUND  
of CAMERA stops. She falls back. Winces. Her arm.

CUT TO:

70. INT. ROOM 1031 - SAME TIME

ANGLE - MRS. CORRIGAN'S HAND - SAME TIME

Dying fingers push the nurses aid switch.

QUICK CUT TO:

71. INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE WARD DESK - NIGHT

ANGLE - WALL

A light flashes. SHEILA is still at the desk with CONNIE WEXLER. We've got them in mid-conversation. SHEILA checks the light.

SHEILA

If you want fancy restaurants,  
don't go with Interns.  
(a beat)  
That's Mrs. Corrigan.

CONNIE

I don't want fancy. But a coffee shop, for God's sake. I could have died. I'm in a cocktail dress and he takes me to a coffee shop...

Another light flashes.

SHEILA

Then why did you rate him a six?

CONNIE

Dinner was a one, but he was a five.

SHEILA smiles and shakes her head.

CONNIE (continuing)

Who was that?

They move out from behind the desk. They both start down the hall.

SHEILA

Fay Marcus.

cont'd

71. cont'd

CONNIE

Not again.

(a beat)

Look, you must be exhausted. I'll take the long walk.

SHEILA

Thanks. This double shift's going to do me in.

CONNIE shakes her head. They split. Stay with CONNIE.

CUT TO:

72. INT. PRIVATE WARD - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SHEILA walks down the long corridor.

ANGLE - NURSES'S SHOES

Orthopedic oxfords belonging to either CONNIE or SHEILA slap the shiny linoleum.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - NURSE'S SHOES - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

CONNIE or SHEILA enters a dark room.

73. INT. - ROOM 1031 - NIGHT

ANGLE - BED - MRS. CORRIGAN

POV - CONNIE or SHEILA

cont'd

73. cont'd

The oxygen tent covers the bed. Moving slowly, towards the bed. The knife slash is barely noticeable. She touches it, pulls it back. Zoom on Mrs. CORRIGAN. Cold, dead eyes register nothing.

QUICKLY CUT TO:

CONNIE - COLT

She hasn't time to scream. A hand is clasped over her mouth from behind the curtain. COLT is an apparition veiled behind the curtain. He slams a knife in her back.

ANGLE - CONNIE

CONNIE

(an audible plea against the inevitable)  
No.

She whimpers. A beat. The knife is slammed in again.

CONNIE (cont'd)

No.

ANGLE - LEGS - KICKING

74. INT. FAY MARCUS ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

ANGLE - BED - FAY MARCUS

An impatient, spoiled, petulant, aging child spits orders like a drill instructor. FAY MARCUS is 55, overstuffed and can't bear to be inconvenienced.

FAY

Can't you adjust the color any better?  
(a beat)  
Less.  
(a beat)  
Now too much brown.

ANGLE - SHEILA

She adjusts the television.

FAY (s.o.)

That's not a picture, it's an X-ray.

cont'd

74. cont'd

ANGLE - FAY

FAY (continuing)

Okay. That'll have to do.

SHEILA

Good night, Mrs. Marcus.

She doesn't answer. SHEILA exits.

75. INT. WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SHEILA angrily makes her way to the desk. She stops at 1003. She sees some light coming from under the door and pokes her head in.

- ANGLE - FAVORING INTERIOR 1003

DEBORAH sits up in bed.

SHEILA

Okay?

DEBORAH

Had a nightmare.

SHEILA

Not surprising, after what happened.

DEBORAH

Yeah...

SHEILA

Your new room comfortable?

cont'd

75. cont'd

DEBORAH

If you like vanilla.

SHEILA

Sorry we had to move you. But  
we had an emergency.

A beat.

SHEILA (smiling)

Do you want anything?

DEBORAH

No thanks, Good night.

SHEILA

Night!

She shuts the door.

SHEILA makes her way to the desk.

The light is still on in MRS. CORRIGAN's room.

ANGLE - SHEILA

She frowns and makes her way down the hall.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CORRIDOR

SHEILA makes her way to MRS. CORRIGAN's room.

76. INT. MRS. CORRIGAN'S ROOM 1031 - NIGHT

SHEILA enters. Her eyes scan the room. Hold on  
MRS. CORRIGAN.

Death stare. SOUND of DOOR squeaking.

cont'd

76. cont'd

Return to SHEILA

She turns.

ANGLE - DOOR

It slams shut. CONNIE's body has been propped behind the door. It has changed angle, the feet slamming the door shut. The body slides from a sitting position to a prone position. CONNIE's feet slam into SHEILA's.

SHEILA

She starts to cry out, but holds back the scream and exits.

77. INT. WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SHEILA rushes down the hall for help.

ANGLE - BANK OF ELEVATORS

A MAN stands with his back to SHEILA

ANGLE - SHEILA

She rushes to him and starts to speak.

SHEILA

Please...help...I...

ANGLE - ELEVATOR

COLT turns. We see him now for the first time full face. Eyes, deep and complex stare blankly at her. There's a vagueness about him, a confusion. It's as though he were operating in two zones, reality being in the center, which he seems to have skimmed over. He enters the elevator and pushes the "close" button. It closes.

78. EXT. HOSPITAL - HIGH, LONG SHOT - FROM ROOF TOWARDS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Silently, police cars converge, red lights flashing like dozens of roaches with flashing sensors.

DISSOLVE TO:

79. EXT. PARKING LOT - HOSPITAL - THAT NIGHT

ANGLE - FAVOURING ENTRANCE

A POLICEMAN escorts SHEILA to her car. They're in mid-conversation.

SHEILA

Why would anyone want to kill that poor old woman?

POLICEMAN

Let's hope you can identify him.

SHEILA

Maybe he really was the delivery man. It all happened so fast.

POLICEMAN

I'll send someone with you...

SHEILA

No - it won't be necessary.

POLICEMAN

It would be better.

SHEILA

No. that's all right.

79. cont'd

SHEILA gets into her car.

ANGLE - PARKING LOT - COLT

He sits down in his van, low, just peering about the steering wheel. He SQUEEZES THE TENSION BALL.

The magnetic "FLORIST" decal has been replaced with a "CLEANING" decal.

ANGLE - FAVOURING SHEILA

She pulls out.

Return to COLT

He pulls out and follows her.

80. DELETED

81. EXT. STREET AT SHEILA'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

She pulls up. Parks. Exits car. Pauses.

SHEILA

Shit!

She forgot something. She walks across the street.

EXT. STREET - ANOTHER ANGLE

SHEILA walks hurriedly down the lonely, dark street.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STREET

cont'd

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81. cont'd

COLT's van - parked.

ANOTHER ANGLE - VAN - FAVORING FEET

COLT steps from the van. He starts following SHEILA.

ANGLE - SHEILA

She continues on.

82. EXT. MINI-MARKET - NIGHT

It's open. Neon lighting smears the dark canvas of night. A POLICE CAR is parked next to the store. TWO POLICEMEN sit in their car eating ice cream.

(Note: Sheila has driven her car to Mini-Mart.)

Scenes 83 & 84 : D E L E T E D

could we  
delete whole  
line and  
set following  
line only Sheila and her  
entering the  
house?

What do  
we have?

85. EXT. STREET AT SHEILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SHEILA walks towards her house. The corner light is fading. She's surrounded by darkness. Her heels hitting pavement is the only sound. Her experience has made her uneasy in a deserted area. She looks around and starts running. She slows down and looks around once more.

ANGLE - HOUSE

SHEILA approaches. Enters.

(Note: Add 'Mama Doll' and children's toys, including puzzle in Sheila's back yard; Sheila has driven her car back to the house.)

86. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

The small foyer leads right to the stairs. The house has 3 rooms, 2 stories and a basement. It is a bit isolated - in a suburb - inexpensively furnished - well travelled.

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM

The TV is on, toys and books are scattered about.

SHEILA sets down the bottle, on a table, leans against the wall, catches her breath and ascends the stairs.

87. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - SECOND STORY HALLWAY - NIGHT

SOUND of shower running. Toys are on the stairs. SHEILA approaches a small bedroom. The door is ajar. She pushes it open.

88. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE - WINDOW

It is open. SHEILA moves toward it. Closes it.

ANGLE - TWIN BEDS

TWO CHILDREN appear to be asleep. A hand dangles. BRIDGET, 5, and MATTHEW, 4, hang like loose dolls over their beds. SHEILA kisses BRIDGET.

A beat.

She finally moves. She moves to MATTHEW who turns over. SHEILA tucks him in. Kisses him. She backs out of the room and into:

89. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE 2nd STORY HALLWAY

SOUND of shower running. SHEILA moves into her bedroom.

90. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - SHEILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SHEILA enters her bedroom.

The shower is turned off.

cont'd

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90. cont'd

Dressed in her nurse's uniform, she goes to the closet and changes. Meanwhile, we see a shadow moving closer. SHEILA sits on her bed, picks up a cigarette and lies down. The shadow moves closer. It seems to drop itself on the bed, near SHEILA. We are startled. SHEILA is not. It is Denise, the babysitter. She's seventeen, pretty and very much a part of the family. She's wrapped in a very large bath towel.

DENISE

(a beat)  
Are you okay?

SHEILA

(with difficulty)  
No, frankly, I'm a mess.  
(indicating bag)  
Why don't you pour us a drink?

SHEILA exits her room. Denise, towel-clad, follows, drying her hair. She carries the bag.

SHEILA

You get the glasses.

DENISE

(passing her)  
That bad, huh?  
(Note: sure to include Denise's boyfriend.)

91. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Denise descends the stairs.

INSERT - THROUGH WINDOWS

COLT's van sits across the street.

cont'd

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91. cont'd

SHEILA

Close the curtains, will you?

Denise closes the curtains.

(Scene to include Denise's boyfriend.)

END OF SCRIPT DAY 2

92. DELETED

Why?

Hawker Only one  
F-66  
Hawker Scene

93. INT. MR. HAWKER'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER - ESTABLISHING -  
DAY

The room is dark. A small light is on. MR. HAWKER sits in half darkness, next to the window. He turns to us. His face is in complete darkness. COLT walks into frame. He sits across from his father. He pulls out a package of cigarettes and places them on the table.

ANGLE - MR. HAWKER'S HAND

It shakes as it searches for something. A pencil. COLT puts it in his hand. He attempts to write on a pad of paper. We see the beginnings of a name: ELIZA...

ANGLE - COLT'S HAND

It grabs hold of his father's hand, crushes the lead.

COLT

Why?

Extreme close up - MR. HAWKER

Trembling lips try to form a word. It sounds like "love".

COLT (continuing)

(leaning in)

Look what she did to you.

'COLT puts his ear to his father's mouth. MR HAWKER utters a grunt.

COLT (continuing)

I don't know where she is.

SOUND of door opening. COLT turns.

ANGLE - DOOR

TRAINEE enters with tea.

cont'd

93. cont'd

TRAINEE

I brought your father's tea.

She places it on a bureau. Behind the tray is the Wedding picture of DAN HAWKER and his bride, ELIZABETH HAWKER. It was taken of them during happier days. He's handsome; she's beautiful. A hand snatches it. The TRAINEE is startled.

COLT

Where did you find that?

TRAINEE

(placing tea in front of Mr. Hawker)  
In the closet. I put it out. It seemed to please him.

COLT turns to his FATHER. His first instinct is to tear it up, but he carelessly tosses it up on the shelf in the closet instead.

TRAINEE

(struggling)  
The...TV doesn't work. We don't provide...

COLT

(rudely)  
I'll bring him one tomorrow.

COLT returns to his FATHER.

TRAINEE

He does enjoy his TV.

She waits a beat and then, embarrassed, exits.

ANGLE - MR. HAWKER'S HAND

cont'd

93. cont'd

It makes a gesture resembling the turning of pages.

ANGLE - COLT

He reaches up into the closet and pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM. It's an old album, black, with tiny paper corners to hold in the photographs. COLT puts it in front of his father. He settles back across from him, stares at him for a moment and reaches for a bottle of vitamin pills. He places one on his father's saucer and takes one for himself. It's the last one. He pours himself a glass of water and drops the vitamin pill in.

ANGLE - WATER

The vitamin starts to discolor the water.

QUICK CUT TO:

94. INT. HOSPITAL - DEBORAH'S ROOM 1003 - DAY

DEBORAH drinks her glass of juice which is the same color as COLT'S discolored water. Suddenly, the glass falls from her hand. She can't seem to control its movements.

Close shot- DEBORAH

Fear.

ANGLE - BED

The juice soaks into the bedclothes.

CUT TO:

95. INT. PRIVATE WARD - NURSES STATION - DAY

Close shot - Medical trays - Vials of pills

They're being prepared for patients. Syringes, pills, ominous coloured liquids.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Patients walking to their rooms glance at the trays. This is a prelude to panic. Old MRS. MARSH walks with FAY MARCUS down the hall.

MRS. MARSH is a chatterer. She blathers on and is tolerated by FAY MARCUS because she's the only company she has on the ward. An old man, CLEMENT PINE, makes his way to his room.

MRS. MARSH

I'm not taking any more pills.  
I could be next.

FAY

(facetiously)  
You've got money. Hire yourself a taster!

MRS. MARSH

I'm going to make them put a lock on my door. Mr. Pine already asked them.

CLEMENT PINE is passing them. Overhears.

MR. PINE

Can't do it. Against policy. They're all liars. I'm checking out.

He moves on.

cont'd

95. cont'd

FAY

You've tried checking out. Try crashing out!

She laughs at her own joke.

ANGLE - NURSE AND HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

NURSE

Shhh.

Return to FAY and MRS. MARSH who eyes the Hospital ADMINISTRATOR with suspicion.

MRS. MARSH

Watch what they give you now.

MRS. MARSH moves on to her room. FAY MARCUS turns to the NURSE. She enters her room. Hospital ADMINISTRATOR turns to the NURSE.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

(indicating disturbance)  
That's what I want to avoid.

NURSE

One's a complainer, one's a trouble-maker.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

They can start a panic. We've got to keep this quiet. Security's going to tighten things up.

ANGLE - ANOTHER NURSE

She moves towards us, carrying a tray with a "dangerous" array of medicaments. SOUND of the JINGLING vials takes us to:

CUT TO:

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96. INT. HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR - TRACKING SHOT - DAY

SOUND of much activity: DOCTORS being paged, gurneys being wheeled, telephones ringing, etc. GARY BAYLOR, the HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR and PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 walk hurriedly down the hall. We catch them mid-conversation.

GARY

Just keep the reporters at bay.  
They can push for information  
but only so far.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

(to PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1)  
You and I'll set up an interview.

GARY

Tell them if they lean on this double murder thing, they'll throw the place into a panic.

(a beat)  
I'd like a guard on the tenth floor.  
Nothing obvious.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

We can do that.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

We've already increased security.

GARY

I still want that guard.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

You think Miss Ballin might be his target.

GARY

You should read her fan mail.

cont'd

96. cont'd

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

If you think she'd be safer somewhere else...

GARY

She's too well known... It'd be the same problem wherever she went.

97. INT. HOSPITAL - DEBORAH'S ROOM - THAT DAY

GARY enters with several pictures to be hung on the wall. He kisses DEBORAH who sits and stares up at him without much reaction.

Well we cut that scene!

GARY

(jokingly)

A Renoir, two Chagalls but the Rembrandt was too big.

DEBORAH

Moving me right in, aren't you?

GARY

(he places three good paintings on the bureau)

You asked for them.

(going to her)

I heard what happened. I saw the doctor.

DEBORAH

Look at me. It's like I had a stroke.

DEBORAH's hand is curled up.

cont'd

97. cont'd

DEBORAH (cont'd)

What the hell is a radial nerve  
anyway?

GARY

All the doctor said was that the  
setting must have shifted and the  
nerve got lodged between two bones.

DABORAH

Can't they just reset it?

GARY

Only with surgery.

DEBORAH

Goddamnit!

(a beat)

I want a cigarette. I'm off my fast.

GARY

Forget it. And now for the good news.

DEBORAH (mildly annoyed)

Gary, just get me some cigarettes, okay.

GARY (ignoring the request)

Your show is going on the air.

DEBORAH (trying to smile)

With a twenty minute disclaimer, no  
doubt.

GARY

Don't look a gift horse etcetera. And the  
Art Department came up with this:

cont'd

97. cont'd

He holds up a poster: JANET MACKLIN FUND -- RIGHTS  
FOR ONE IS A FIGHT FOR ALL -- SEE AMERICA TODAY  
JULY 25 FOR DETAILS.

DEBORAH (a faint smile)

Billboards?

GARY

Don't be greedy. I just paid two  
kids to paste them up all over town.

DEBORAH

Then you'll let me have the second  
interview.

GARY

With very heavy conditions.

DEBORAH (facetiously)

Some gift horse.

SHEILA enters. She's in a fractured state. The shock  
of CONNIE's death has elided into confusion and upset.  
She glances at GARY. The two are sharing a secret.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

Are you all right?

SHEILA (fragmented)

Yes.

SHEILA is holding on to some pills.

DEBORAH

(concerned, waiting for the pills)  
Those for me.

SHEILA

(a beat)  
Oh...yes.

cont'd

97. cont'd

She hands them to her. SHEILA's hand is shaking.  
DEBORAH steadies her hand.

DEBORAH

Hey, I'm the one having the surgery.  
(a beat)  
I thought you were off today.

SHEILA

I am. I...just had to fill in for a  
couple of hours. I'm off now.

DEBORAH

Have fun.  
(a beat)  
You going to take your kids out?

SHEILA

Right to my ex-husband's. He has them  
for the Summer.

SHEILA looks at the poster for the "JANET MACKLIN  
FUND".

SHEILA

Want me to put that up?

DEBORAH

Thanks.

SHEILA smiles and exits.

DEBORAH

She didn't even comment on it. What's  
the matter with her?

GARY

We talked. She knows about it.

cont'd

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97A. EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT DAY

(Note: to include Sheila's car, Colt's car and Colt.)

98. INT. NURSES LOUNGE - DAY

SHEILA is attempting to pour coffee. She's not doing a very good job of it. PATRICIA ELLIS and DONNA MALONEY, R.N. are chatting.

DONNA

I need a medley of bee songs.

PATRICIA

How about songs with "Honey" in the title?

DONNA

That might work.

(She ponders the possibilities)

PATRICIA (to Sheila)

No more night shifts for me.

DONNA, seeing SHEILA's difficulty, pours the coffee for her.

DONNA

You're a mess. You should have stayed home today.

PATRICIA

Lot of cops sniffing around.

DONNA

(handing Sheila her coffee)

Okay?

(a beat)

Go home for God's sake.

SHEILA nods.

PATRICIA

I think Connie dated a cop. Wonder how she rated him.

SHEILA

What a dumb ass thing to say!

SHEILA flings the coffee cup on the table. The cup shatters spilling coffee all over PATRICIA's white uniform. She runs out.

98. cont'd

PATRICIA

Hey, what's the matter with you?

DONNA

You're lucky you didn't get it in  
your face.

CUT TO:

99. EXT COUNTY GENERAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

SHEILA rushes through the parking lot. Her eyes are full of tears.

ANGLE - OLD STATION WAGON - FAVORING SHEILA

(Note: Sheila's car is there.)

100. DELETED

101. EXT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - HALF-HOUR LATER - DAY

ANGLE - SHEILA - EXITING HOUSE - INCLUDING COLT'S STATION WAGON  
ACROSS THE STREET.

MATTHEW is struggling with DENISE, more playfully than violently.  
But it is evident he's reluctant. SHEILA has changed clothes and is  
fighting time and confusion.

SHEILA

Hey, would you mind staying a few  
extra days to help me out before  
your vacation?

DENISE

Sure. That way I don't have to go  
home first.

SHEILA

Devious.  
(a beat)  
Now where's Bridget?

101. cont'd

DENISE

Probably hiding again.

MATTHEW

She's faking.

DENISE

I'll hunt her up.

SHEILA

No, you get Matthew in the car.  
I'll find her.

MATTHEW

She's not sick.

SHEILA

Cool it.

102. EXT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - REAR OF YARD - DAY

ANGLE - BRIDGET

She curls up next to bushes.

ANGLE - COLT

Peering through the bushes. BRIDGET doesn't see him. He puts his hand through the bushes. Sound of bushes rustling.

ANGLE - BRIDGET

She reacts, dropping her doll. Sound of "Mama Mama". She turns her attention to:

SHEILA (o.s.)

Bridget!

BRIDGET reacts, moving out of COLT's reach.

Return to  
101. ANGLE - DENISE AND SHEILA

cont'd

101. cont'd

DENISE

Bridget!

SHEILA

Come on, honey!

ANGLE - COLT

COLT takes a beat. Frustrated, hearing the two voices, he's been temporarily thwarted. He moves heavily through the brush.

ANGLE - DENISE and SHEILA - FAVORING BRIDGET

SHEILA

(moving towards her)  
Sweetheart, you don't have to do this.

BRIDGET

(near tears)  
I don't feel good.

103. INT. STATION WAGON - COLT - A MINUTE LATER - DAY

ANGLE - FAVORING SHEILA and BRIDGET

He snaps several pictures of SHEILA as she escorts BRIDGET to the car. She checks her daughter's temperature: warm forehead, flushed cheeks.

Return to  
101. ANGLE - SHEILA and DENISE

DENISE takes BRIDGET into the house.

MATTHEW

(from the car)  
How come she gets to stay?

SHEILA

Because she's got a temperature.

101. cont'd

MATTHEW

My stomach hurts.

SHEILA

(walking towards the driver's side,  
not buying the complaint.)

Right.

ANGLE - FAVORING INTERIOR OF CAR

SHEILA gets in.

MATTHEW

Well, it does.

SHEILA pays no attention. She tries to strap him in. It won't catch.

SHEILA

(under her breath)  
Shit. You didn't hear that.

MATTHEW

Yes, I did. Yes, I did.

SHEILA

(pulling him next to her. A protective gesture while they drive)  
How would you like it if I came and spent a day with you and your Dad every once in a while? We could go to a park, or...

MATTHEW

Promise?

SHEILA

I'll try.

MATTHEW

I know what that means. "Try" means you won't.

101. cont'd

SHEILA embraces him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - AUTOMOBILE

SHEILA drives off. Stay on station wagon.

104. DELETED

105. EXT. STREETS - DAY

ANGLE - COLT - FAVORING SHEILA

SHEILA drives MATTHEW to his father's.

COLT's old Station Wagon follows SHEILA's car.  
Waiting at a red light, COLT manages to take another  
picture of SHEILA. Nervous, she does not notice anything.

COLT puts his camera away and takes off quickly.

106. INT. SHEILA'S CAR - DAY

MATTHEW

When can I come back?

SHEILA

What if I join you and your dad  
for a day every now and then? We  
could go to the park or take a  
weekend. Would you like that?

MATTHEW

Promise?

SHEILA

I'll try.

MATTHEW

I know what that means. "Try" means  
you won't.

cont'd

106. cont'd.

SHEILA sighs and turns. She knows how painful this is for her children, being passed back and forth, chipping away at a child's fragile foundation.

All of a sudden, they hear the sound of a loud truck horn blowing.

MATTHEW (shouting)

Be careful!

Absent mindedly, SHEILA has just gone through a red light. A large, heavy truck is heading towards her. With a sharp turn of the steering wheel, she had to drive on the sidewalk to avoid it. TWO PEDESTRIANS jump aside at the last moment and Sheila's car ends up on a fence, almost without damage.

107. EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

SHEILA in a telephone booth at a Service Station. Upset has turned to impatience.

MATTHEW

What are you doing?

SHEILA

Calling your Dad.

MATTHEW

Why?

SHEILA (into phone)

Perry!

MATTHEW saunters over to the water fountain.

cont'd

107. cont'd

SHEILA (continuing)

(a beat)

Look...

(a beat)

Slight problem. I'm here in a station  
on Kelsey and First. Could you pick up  
Matthew? Bridget's sick.

(a beat)

Okay.

MATTHEW wanders away from his mother while she's on  
the phone. SHEILA turns back. MATTHEW is gone.

ANGLE - OLD STATION WAGON (resembling COLT's)

Through the windows we see a MAN struggling with a  
child.

ANGLE - SHEILA

She drops the phone.

SHEILA

No!

She rushes towards the car. A MAN approaches with  
MATTHEW.

MAN

Better keep an eye on him, lady.  
He was wandering out near the inter-  
section.

SHEILA

(relieved)

Thank you.

(to Matthew)

Get in the car!

*can't  
be deleted*

108. INT HOSPITAL - SMALL LOUNGE - PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

About 15 journalists are piled into the small lounge. DEBORAH is under fire and does not enjoy the ordeal. GARY stands next to her. DEBORAH is getting tired. The lights are hot and burning her eyes.

JOURNALIST I

Do you think the robbery and assault on you is in any way related to one of your editorials, or is it only coincidental?

DEBORAH

Most people get their anger out on paper. They send letters... If they lived up to the threats, there'd be a murderer on every block.

JOURNALIST II

How do you handle hate mail?

DEBORAH

I don't read it.

GARY

(popping in)

In answer to your question, we don't think there is any connection.

DEBORAH is trying to protect her eyes.

JOURNALIST II

With your boss's cooperation, we've just screened tonight's editorial on the Janet Macklin case. Are you going to make it for the second interview?

DEBORAH

I may be wheeled in, but I'll make it.

*cont'd*

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108. Cont'd

JOURNALIST II

Miss Ballin, Ward Hockney asked  
the question the other night as  
to whether your stand on non-violence  
has been altered as a result of your  
attack?

DEBORAH struggles for words.

DEBORAH

I've never felt that violence was  
. . . . I don't . . . .

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108. cont'd

GARY

(noticing Deborah's getting tired)  
We're going to have to wrap this up.  
Miss Ballin is tired.

we  
could combine press conf  
with this  
↓

109. INT. T.V. STUDIO - NIGHT

HUMMING SOUND. A large floor waxer sweeps across the shiny corridor. COLT is lost in the symmetrical sweep. We feel the loneliness of man and machine.

He manoeuvres the machine, his biceps bulging as he resists the machine's random movements. He sweeps it back and forth, back and forth. It's almost hypnotic.

Attached to his machine is a small portable radio. The broadcast is excerpts from DEBORAH BALLIN's Press Conference.

JOURNALIST I (v.o.)

Your posters are all over town. Do people really care?

GARY Deborah  
(VO)

They care enough to warrant a second interview.

???

ANGLE - COLT

He reacts.

cont'd

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109. cont'd

JOURNALIST II (v.o.)

Miss Ballin, you've always been big on civil rights. Now that you're the victim, how has your attitude changed?

DEBORAH (v.o.)

It hasn't. When they catch him, I think he should be locked away with all Rights guaranteed him under the Penal Code.

JOURNALIST II

How do you...

COLT turns off the radio.

110. INT. ALL-NIGHT COFFEE SHOP - THAT NIGHT

A twenty-four hour formica and naugahyde short order diner. The neon lighting washes down the customers in stark, unflattering hues. This is a place that caters to the street people: everyone who's recovering from the bars, a dose of bad drugs, or waiting for a trick. COLT enters.

POV - COLT - THROUGH CUSTOMERS

The NIGHT PEOPLE: Rootless, youngish, desultory.

ANGLE - COLT

He sits. FLORIE waits on him. Early thirties, vapid, her girlish good looks are hardening.

FLORIE

Hi, Colt.  
(a beat)  
Yogurt shake?

cont'd

110. cont'd

COLT

Yeah.

FLORIE

Got my schedule changed. I'm off days now.

COLT has already started perusing the crowd. He's looking for something.

COLT

Yeah?

FLORIE

Want to do something someday?  
Go to a movie maybe?

COLT nods and smiles.

ANGLE - YOUNG GIRL

LISA is in her late teens. She's cute but with just an edge of New Wave about her. Scrub her face and she could be a cheerleader. Leave her the way she is and we have a weekend punk rocker. She works off a teasing smile of studied boredom.

ANGLE - COLT

He responds.

ANGLE - LISA

The TWO TEENAGE BOYS she's sitting with turn, eye COLT with dissatisfaction and turn back.

Return to COLT

FLORIE brings him his shake. She watches him eye LISA. Disgusted, dejected, she slams the shake down and exits. The noise makes him turn. He watches FLORIE exit to kitchen, downs the shake.

cont'd

110. Cont'd

ANGLE - LISA

She exits. The TWO BOYS are with her.

ANGLE - COLT

He slams some money down and exits.

111. EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

LISA is standing with the TWO BOYS. She makes her excuses and joins COLT.

112. INT. ROOMING HOUSE - HALLWAY - THAT NIGHT

POV - LOUISE SHEPHERD

Through a crack in LOUISE'S door, we see LISA ascend the stairs.  
COLT stops. Turns. The door shuts.

113. INT. COLT'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

LISA, still chewing gum, exits the bathroom with two vials of pills,  
studies the living area.

LISA

Yellow Jacks and reds. You in a  
selling mood?

COLT

No.

ANGLE - FAVOURING KITCHEN - COLT

He takes them from her. Returns to kitchen. He's busy putting eggs,  
yogurt, and wheat germ into a blender.

LISA

Whatcha' makin'?

COLT, having cut open a plastic bag of ingredients, jams the carving  
knife into the counter.

cont'd

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113. Cont'd

COLT

Drinks.

He switches on the blender and rinses out some glasses. LISA continues checking things out, moves to the T.V., turns it on.

LISA

Hey, color!

She leaves it on and moves to the framed letters on the wall.

ANGLE - LETTERS

CUT TO:

LISA

She looks confused. SOUND OF BLENDER.

LISA

I never seen anybody Xerox their letters before and then frame them.  
Replies, maybe . . . .

COLT approaches, hands her the drink.

LISA

(cont'd)

Ugh!

(handing it back)

Got a beer?

COLT, slightly annoyed, moves to the kitchen.

STAY ON LISA.

LISA

(indicating letters)

Christ, you blast them all. Blacks,  
Jews, Mexicans . . . . You want the  
whole world to yourself?

COLT returns with a beer . . . . LISA moves to the couch. COLT takes a beat. He thinks about her question.

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113. Cont'd

COLT

Yeah.

(a beat)

Yeah, I'd like that.

He flicks off the television. LISA, on the couch has just flicked on the stereo. He brings her the beer, turns it off.

COLT

(cont'd)

No noise.

LISA pulls her legs up to her chest. She's being impish and petulant.

LISA

I like noise.

COLT, smiling, bends down and grabbing her knees, pushes the beer between them and then squeezes her knees back together. The can starts to give. LISA giggles as the beer spurts out and down the insides of her legs.

LISA

(laughing)

Hey!

COLT settles into a chair as LISA stands up and, seeing a towel on the closet door, moves toward it and starts wiping up the mess.

COLT

Take 'em off.

LISA

(playing 'coy')

Yeah, sure.

(a beat)

What's in here?

She starts to open the closet. COLT jumps up and slams the door just as she is opening it. He turns to her, smiling nervously.

LISA

(cont'd)

Hey, you scared the shit out of me.

cont'd

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113. Cont'd

COLT

Take 'em off.

LISA looks back at COLT, makes a mental choice, steps out of her pants and stands there. COLT reaches for her.

COLT

Come here.

LISA steps forward. COLT takes her in a hard, crude embrace. He's struggling with something inside, challenging his masculinity, forcing himself to get aroused.

LISA

Easy.

COLT is losing his battle. He pulls her in harder. Anger with himself has turned on her. He crushes her head into his shoulder. LISA is struggling to breathe.

LISA

I can't breathe. Please.

(a beat)

Let go. Please.

She's crying now. She pulls away, bends down to pick up her pants. COLT whirls around, rips them from her grasp. LISA is frightened now. He moves toward her.

LISA

(Cont'd)

No!

COLT has lost the battle with himself. He grabs her hair and pulls her around the room. LISA is crying.

COLT

You want T.V.?

He turns on the television full blast. He pulls her to the couch. He switches on the T.V.

Cont'd

- 90B.

113. Cont'd

(Cont'd) COLT

You want noise?

(a beat)

You got noise!

He pushes her down on the couch.

COLT  
Anything else?

LISA shakes her head violently.

COLT  
(smiling)  
How about this?

He snaps open the switch blade. LISA'S scream can barely be heard through the cacophony..

CLOSE SHOT - KNIFE - INCLUDING COLT

COLT plays with the knife, rubbing his hand over the handle. It's a teasing gesture - a dangerous moment. Her fear excites him; subjugation is the key to his arousal. He backs her up to the couch, places the knife under her blouse and brings the knife up, just missing her chin.

The buttons fly. LISA screams. Rises. COLT backhands her, cutting her lip, bruising her eye. She puts her hand to her face as COLT buries his face in her neck.

ANGLE - LISA

She attempts to control her fear, knowing that to fight is to die.

ANGLE - LISA AND COLT

COLT puts his hand on her swelling face, stroking his damage. LISA is terrified. He turns her face toward the couch, away from him. It's a gentle feature. She's now been dominated; COLT can afford to be tender.

cont'd

113. Cont'd

He raises her blouse and rubs his cheek along her spine, taking in her scent. Suddenly, the knife appears next to his cheek. He's running the handle down her spine.

CLOSE SHOT - LISA

Terror.

ANGLE - COLT

He bites her back and begins working his way up to her neck. The knife is out of sight. COLT is lost in a zone or perverse desire.

CLOSE SHOT - LISA

She's enduring an unseen pain, or perhaps fear of impending pain.  
STAY on this perversity before:

Moving up the tattered wallpaper, following the motley pattern to:

CLOSE SHOT - LETTER

POLLY DANAHY, THE ACTRESS

COLT'S pitiful attempt at a letter of introduction. A fan letter. Hope for a romance that will never be.

114. INT. ROOMING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

POV - LOUISE SHEPHERD

Through a crack in her open door, we see LISA exit. She's in a dazed state. She exits. LOUISE opens her door wider.

ANGLE - TOP OF STAIRS.

In the darkness, COLT stands with the light from his room at his back. He's like the Colossus of Rhodes, feet spread in a warrior stance.

ANGLE - LOUISE

She backs into her room, shuts the door.

115. INT. ROOMING HOUSE - COLT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

COLT puts SHEILA'S most recent photos on the closet wall.

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116. DELETED

END OF SCRIPT DAY 3

117. INT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

DEBORAH looks well rested this morning. She wheels herself down the corridor to her old room in an electric wheelchair. PATRICIA ELLIS, R.N., passes by.

PATRICIA

You look fine this morning.

DEBORAH

It feels good to get out of the room.  
How is the lady who took my room doing?

PATRICIA (fumbling)

Hu...fine. Fine.

DEBORAH stops at 1031. DONNA MALONEY, R.N., exits 1031 with a syringe in her hand.

DONNA

Hello, Miss Ballin.

DEBORAH steals a glance.

cont'd

*Jimmie  
out  
about  
fell ill  
about com*

117. cont'd

ANGLE - FAVORING INTERIOR 1031

A MAN sits up in bed. He smiles.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She's confused.

A MAN in a wheelchair approaches. VINNIE BRADSHAW is fifty-five, heavy set, aggressive, pleasant and rather gauche.

VINNIE (continuing)

I'm Vincent Bradshaw. My friends call me Vinnie.

DEBORAH

Hello.

VINNIE

Read what happened to you. A damn shame.

(a beat)

Say, I bet you were looking for a story in there.

DEBORAH

In where?

VINNIE (whispering)

1031.

DEBORAH

What do you mean?

VINNIE (confidentially)

I heard they found an old woman.... dead, and...

cont'd

117. cont'd

DONNA MALONEY stops VINNIE. MRS. MARSH and FAY MARCUS overhear the exchange.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She's somewhere between shock and fear.

DONNA

What are you doing out of your room, Mr. Bradshaw? Now, you promised.

VINNIE

Just stretching my legs.  
(he laughs at the foolish jest)  
Say, I hear we're going under  
the knife at the same time.

DONNA turns him around, wheels him back.

DEBORAH

(wanting to hear more)  
Wait!

VINNIE

We'll pull together, I've got  
the room next to yours.

He disappears down the hall.

Long shot - DEBORAH

She sits alone in the corridor.

A beat.

She spins her wheelchair around. Angry.

118. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

A PLAINCLOTHESMAN talks to TWO SECURITY GUARDS. FOUR or FIVE ORDERLIES come near the ambulance. COLT, hair cut, glasses, clean shaven, dressed as a male nurse, rushes up with a cigarette in his hand. The group is talking. COLT asks for a light from one member of the group. They enter en masse, one NURSE waving to the GUARD who accepts them as a group since they are interacting with one another. He carries on a light conversation with them which takes us to:

Jdc  
July 26  
1980

119. DELETED

120. INT. ROOM 1003 - DEBORAH BALLIN'S ROOM - THAT DAY

PATRICIA ELLIS, R.N., brings in DEBORAH's pre-surgical medication. DEBORAH is on the phone.

DEBORAH (into phone)

Well, where is Mr. Baylor?  
(a beat)  
Tell him I want to speak with him  
right away.

DEBORAH hangs up.

DEBORAH (continuing)

What's that?

PATRICIA

Medication.

cont'd

120. cont'd

DEBORAH

No more medication. I'm checking out.

PATRICIA rings the bell. DEBORAH doesn't notice.

PATRICIA

Oh, your doctor will never go for  
that. You've got surgery in...  
(checking her watch)

DEBORAH

No surgery.

PATRICIA

Now, I know how you feel...

DEBORAH (continuing)

Why didn't you tell me about that  
woman?

PATRICIA

What woman?

DEBORAH (cynical laugh)

Oh, boy. Somebody really got to you.

The door opens. TWO MALE NURSES enter.

DEBORAH (continuing)

What's this?

PATRICIA

Please, Ms. Ballin.

DEBORAH

Get me out of here.

cont'd

120. cont'd

SHEILA enters.

DEBORAH (continuing)

Thank God.

DEBORAH reaches for her. SHEILA goes to her.

SHEILA

What's going on?

DEBORAH

(everything running together)  
That woman in my old room. He killed  
her. Why didn't you tell me. I thought  
I could trust you.

SHEILA

You can trust me. There are rules  
I have to follow. You are my patient.

DEBORAH

He thought it was me. I know that now.

SHEILA

Nobody knows anything for sure. They  
know she was rich, she had relatives...

DEBORAH

No...

- DEBORAH turns just in time to see a needle slam into her hip.  
PATRICIA stands back with the syringe.

DEBORAH

(fighting her release from reality)  
No, no! ...

cont'd

120. cont'd

SHEILA

If you want to make that show  
on the 25th, you're going to  
have to have that surgery.  
(whispering)  
Please trust me.

121. INT. CORRIDOR - PRIVATE WARD - MINUTES LATER - DAY

SOUND of tinkling bell.

A MAN walks towards us. COLT. He walks nonchalantly towards DEBORAH's room. He passes the SECURITY GUARD on that floor chatting with the NURSES. In the background we see the small poster announcing the JANET MACKLIN FUND. SOUND of gurney.

It is wheeled out of DEBORAH's room with several members of the hospital STAFF in attendance.

It's DEBORAH. She's making a fuss, but to us they're just frightened echoes.

DEBORAH - ANOTHER ANGLE

She's wheeled out of frame. A FACE CUTS IN. COLT. He follows.

Return to DEBORAH

POV - DEBORAH

cont'd

121. cont'd

Out of control, dazed, sailing on a Demerol cloud, the corridor is a tunnel into infinity, a journey from which there is no return. Her fear of corridors is a nightmare come true. SHEILA is a distortion, an aberration in a fun house mirror and so far away.

DEBORAH (v.o.)

Nobody told me. You lied. He's here. It wasn't a robbery. It's me. He's here.

QUICK CUT TO:

122. INT. SCRUB ROOM - DAY

ANGLE - OPERATING ROOM - TWO-WAY MIRROR

DEBORAH is brought into surgery. An ANESTHETIST rushes in. The others turn. He shrugs being late and moves to a small room off the scrub room. He opens it. Leaves it open.

123. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - EQUIPMENT/CLOAK ROOM - DAY

ANGLE - DARK RECESS IN THE ROOM

COLT moves back into the shadows, but not soon enough. The ANESTHETIST notices him, postpones hanging up his coat.

ANESTHETIST

What are you doing here?

ANGLE - COLT

COLT just stares at him.

cont'd

- 100.

123. cont'd

ANGLE - ANESTHETIST

He looks at COLT for a long questioning moment.  
We now notice he's about the same size, the same  
colouring.

ANESTHETIST

You're not on surgical staff.  
Get out of here.

A beat.

COLT puts his hand on his lethal belt.

QUICK CUT TO:

124. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - SCRUB ROOM - DAY

DOCTORS - All masked following down the line.

They scrub-in. It's strangely silent. Only  
SOUNDS of water and scrubbing can be heard.

125. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - OPERATING ROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY

CAMERA PAN through the cold, sterile chamber.  
Masked DOCTORS and AIDES enter, adjust equipment,  
arrange instruments, nod and eye one another.

ANGLE - DOOR

A MASKED ANESTHETIST ENTERS. He's late. SOUND OF  
TINKLING BELL.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

In her drugged state, eyes begin to register something  
beyond confusion. She's viewing this as a Prelude to  
Death.

These are not healers but emissaries from a strange  
nether place sent to escort Deborah to her doom.  
Nothing is what it seems.

125. cont'd

ANGLE - HEALERS

Every masked face hides Colt. A beat. THE TINKLING OF A BELL AGAIN.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She's starting to compute it now.

DEBORAH

Bell...bell...

ANGLE - HEALERS

They begin. The SURGEON nods to the ANESTHETIST. THE TINKLING CONTINUES.

ANGLE - ANESTHETIST

He administers Pentothal. THE TINKLING BELL.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

DEBORAH

No...no...

POV - DEBORAH

In her foggy state she sees the late ANESTHETIST approach the machines and begin to operate them. The others don't seem to see him. It could be Colt. SOUND OF TINKLING BELL. Losing consciousness we DISSOLVE TO:

THE TINKLING BELL CONTINUES. A NURSE walks over, turns off a valve. The spinning metal piece attached to the valve has been set into motion by escaping air pressure. It stops. THE TINKLING STOPS. THE SMALL METAL PIECE BECOMES:

126. (deleted)

NOTE: Page 102 deleted.

127. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME - DAY

COLT in his van leaves the Hospital.

instead of  
leaving he  
could wonder in  
the hospital  
and kill  
Fay - which  
would save  
her locate

128. DELETED.

Keep her in  
the hospital  
to connect  
with our  
line

cont'd

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129. INT. FREE CLINIC - SAME TIME - DAY

LISA, the girl roughed up by Colt, gets undressed in a small curtained room. The careless, teasing urchin is very much a little girl and it's very becoming on her. Her lip is cut, her nose is bruised and there are bites on her neck and chest. She winces as she sits, tries to get comfortable.

SHEILA

How much more damage is there?

LISA

A lot. I hurt all over.

SHEILA

How did it happen?

LISA

I walked into a door.

SHEILA

But you don't want to give his name.

LISA

I can't. Mom said if I caused any more trouble, she'd throw me out.

SHEILA nods.

cont'd

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129. cont'd

LISA looks at SHEILA and feels that she can trust her.

LISA

(cynical determination)  
But, he won't get away with it!

SHEILA looks at her, and once again at her injuries.

SHEILA

(checking the chart)  
This isn't your first time  
at the Free Clinic.

LISA

No.

SHEILA makes a note of the damage, writes what she finds in the chart.

LISA (continued)

I haven't seen you here before.

SHEILA

I come here one day a week.

LISA

See how the other half lives, huh?

SHEILA

There is no other half. I  
don't see anything here I  
don't see at the hospital.

LISA

Where do you work?

SHEILA

County General.  
(finishing)  
Okay. A Doctor will be in  
shortly.

LISA nods. SHEILA smiles, exits.

*Groptown*  
106

*part you  
elsewhere  
or  
combine  
with  
visit*

130. INT. REST HOME - DAN HAWKER'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - DAN HAWKER - HALF LIGHT

DAN HAWKER sits smoking a cigarette, listening to his son. His fingers are badly stained with tobacco, eyes lost in another time. His scars are shaded by the invisibility of darkness, while the other half is tired and ruined only by the violence of time.

ANGLE - COLT

COLT adjusts the television (he's just brought in) for his father. He flips the channels, inanimate, his empty life filled by fleeting glimpses of life.

COLT

Assholes. They're all  
assholes. Everybody yappin'.

He turns down the sound, adding the comfort of two dimensional company in the room but squelching the added dimension of audio communication.

COLT

(rising)  
Wish I could talk into the  
damn thing...no fucking good.

He moves to his father, looking over his shoulder. DAN HAWKER is quietly going through the photo album.

CLOSE SHOT - ALBUM

Dates are under the pictures: Black and White. Circa 1947-1955. Colt as a boy in the park with his Father.- Date: June 1952. The caption reads: 'Willis Park with Colt'. Colt at his grammar school graduation with his Father - June 1955 (to be adjusted to actor playing Colt) The caption reads: 'Graduation from Windsor Place Grammar School'. There are several pictures missing. The captions read: Elizabeth and me with Colt - 1951. 'Elizabeth and Colt 3rd birthday 1947'.

cont'd

130. cont'd

ANGLE - COLT

The pain of the past washes over him. He stares out of the window.

ANGLE - DAN HAWKER

He fumbles for a cigarette.

ANGLE - COLT - FAVOURING DAN

He lights it for his father. The flame from the match lights up the old man's face. It is a collision of textures, a tug and pull with both sides winning, pulling his eye down, his lip up. His nose is a smear, his hair sprigs of life on a smooth frosting pate. We see nothing but a glimpse.

ANGLE - COLT - LIGHTING THE CIGARETTE

He looks at his father's damaged face. He winces.

RETURN TO DAN

He looks up and almost instinctively blows out the match, pulling back into the darkness.

ANGLE - COLT

He places his father's hand on the ashtray, helping him flick his cigarette. Two silent figures in the dark, exchanging nothing but a vague, silent memory.

ANGLE - PHOTOGRAPH - MOVING IN

DAN HAWKER as he was with his son Colt (5 years old) until violence changed their lives.

ANGLE - COLT - MOVING IN ON HIM

His eyes seem to connect with something...someone.

*afternoon  
same day*

131. INT. WEST GENERAL - ROOM 1003 - THAT NIGHT

The dark of the previous scene has created an atmosphere for us. DEBORAH'S HEAD cuts through the dark. She's bolted out of a sleep: Drowsy. searching for words. It's as though SHE AND COLT have been thinking of each other at the same time. He's in the dark, she's in the dark, sharing a fear and loathing; his thoughts, being stronger, have awakened her.

132. INT. WEST GENERAL - PRIVATE WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

PATRICIA ELLIS and DONNA MALONEY are in the ward where the visitors are just about to leave. A voice over the loudspeaker announces closing time. GARY is walking quickly, greeting the NURSES and SECURITY GUARDS that he meets. He carries a small paper sack.

GARY

How is she?

PATRICIA

Doing well. No problem.

GARY

Is she awake?

PATRICIA

I don't think so.  
(a small red light goes on)  
Oh yes, that's her calling.

133. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

COLT is parking. Always dressed as an orderly. He stops, looks at the hospital. Someone turns the light on in Deborah's room.

134. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ROOM 1003 - NIGHT

GARY is now with DEBORAH. She's awake. GARY is enthusiastic. He's eating the hot fudge sundae he brought for her.

GARY

(offering her a spoonful  
which she declines)

We got the usual crank calls,  
but it's almost overwhelmingly  
in your favour. Nobody mentioned  
that you'd overstepped your  
bounds on the show.

DEBORAH

(frustrated)  
You didn't hear a thing I said.

GARY

You said you "thought" you  
heard him in surgery but here  
you are looking very much the  
worse for wear.

DEBORAH

(giving in )  
I know, but...  
(a beat, an adjunct)  
What about that poor woman  
who was in my room? And that  
nurse?

134. cont'd

GARY

The old dear was probably  
bumped off by a relative.

DEBORAH

Don't talk like that.  
(a beat)  
(chiding him)  
Jesus.  
(another beat)  
Give me a bite.

GARY spoons up a huge amount of chocolate.

DEBORAH

Where are my cigarettes?

GARY

No.  
(a beat)  
Oh, to hell with it. Here.

He throws a pack on the nightstand.

DEBORAH

I just want to know they're  
around, but don't give me  
any matches.

GARY

Honey, listen, they've got  
a Security System here.  
Everyone who comes in now  
is screened.

cont'd

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134. cont'd

GARY (continued)

We've got cops all over, a guard  
on this floor...

DEBORAH

I know...

GARY

Look, the reaction to the show was  
terrific. There will be editorials,  
publicity, the public is backing you.  
It's fantastic. Concentrate on that  
now and leave your safety up to me.

DEBORAH

Give me another bite.

GARY gives her another bite.

DEBORAH (continued)

More chocolate and get me out of  
here.

GARY scoops up another spoonful.

GARY

As soon as I can.

135. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

ANGLE - STATION WAGON - FAVOURING ENTRANCE

Security is tight.

ANGLE - COLT

He counts the floors. His eyes shift to Deborah's  
room.

is  
N.  
UN

cont'd

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135. cont'd

ANGLE - DEBORAH'S ROOM

GARY'S SILHOUETTE is seen against the drapes.

END OF SCRIPT DAY 4

136. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - DAY

At more than 500 feet away from the hospital is a little shed - isolated and locked up, it is connected to the hospital by an underground passage. COLT, dressed as an orderly, comes near the door and looks around - no one. He breaks the lock off and opens the door and proceeds inside.

137. INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - DAY

A long endless corridor. COLT takes an electric cart and goes towards the hospital.

137A. INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWAY - DAY

Colt climbs the stairs.

138. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

SHEILA wheels DEOBRAH down the hall. They are not far from the SECURITY GUARD. DEBORAH notices him and also, the JANET MACKLIN poster.

SHEILA

Have you ever been married?

DEBORAH

Yes - but not for very long.  
It was like three years in a war zone.

SHEILA

Do you think men are afraid of you?

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138. cont'd

DEBORAH

God! I hope not.

SHEILA

I mean...because of your stand  
on women's rights.

DEBORAH

It's not only the women's rights,  
it's people - their rights!  
That's all there is...people...  
people and hardware. I can't get  
too emotional over a wrecked car -  
the people inside are a different  
matter.

SHEILA

I really admire the hell out of  
you!

DEBORAH

Thank you.

(a beat)

I'm always prepared for a battle,  
never a compliment.

They turn a corner.

139. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

ANGLE - COLT

Coming towards us. He is walking through the corridor,  
towards the rooms.

cont'd

139. cont'd

ANGLE - ROOMS

Helpless, fragile faces look out at him. Suddenly a patient is wheeled out cutting COLT off.

AN OFFICIOUS NURSE OFFHANDEDLY GIVES HIM AN ORDER.

OFFICIOUS NURSE

Take Mr. Bradshaw to 921.

VINNIE BRADSHAW looks up at him and smiles. COLT is trying to decide what to do.

OFFICIOUS NURSE (continuing)

Do it now!

She moves away and disappears down the hall.

VINNIE

Real bitch, isn't she?

COLT says nothing.

VINNIE (continuing)

Take a look.

VINNIE opens his gown. A bandage hides his gall stone scar.

VINNIE (continuing)

Gall stones. Too much loose living.

(laughing)

But it was worth it.

THE TINKLING BELL. VINNIE looks up.

COLT turns down another hall.

cont'd

139. cont'd

VINNIE (cont'd)

You must be new here. 921 is at  
the far end.  
(a beat)  
Joe Barriga.  
(a beat)  
Pal of mine.  
(a beat)  
Bleeding ulcers.  
(noticing the bell)  
Gold, huh?  
(a beat)  
Good for you. Smart investment.  
I've got twenty percent of my  
worth in gold. Real hedge against  
calamity.  
(a beat)  
Turn left here.

They turn a corner.

140. INT. HALLWAY - FAVORING END OF CORRIDOR

DEBORAH is at the ward desk. Her back is to COLT.  
COLT is moving ever closer. Sound of bell tinkling.  
DEBORAH reacts.

VINNIE

This is it.  
(waiting)  
Well, he ain't comin' out, so  
you better wheel me in.

COLT wheels Vinnie into the room as DEBORAH turns.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She reaches out to SHEILA.

SHEILA

What is it?

cont'd

140. cont'd

DEBORAH

The bell.

SHEILA

I didn't hear anything.

DEBORAH

He's here.

140A. INT. CORRIDOR - JOE BARRIGA'S ROOM

COLT exits.

ANGLE - WARD DESK

DEBORAH isn't there.

COLT moves towards Ward desk.

ANGLE - SECURITY MIRROR

COLT views the distortion of SHEILA and DEBORAH and elevator talking to a Security Guard.

He makes a hasty retreat.

141. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - HALLWAY - SAME TIME - DAY

COLT moves down the Corridor.

ANGLE - FAVORING INTERIOR OF ROOM

FAY MARCUS sits up in bed. She's in a rage.

cont'd

141. Cont'd

FAY

Two hundred dollars a day I'm paying. I'd get better service on a kibbutz. I've been ringing for ten minutes!

COLT turns. He sees SHEILA walk toward ANOTHER NURSE, asking if she'd seen anyone. COLT closes the door.

142. INT.COUNTY GENERAL- FAY MARCUS' ROOM - DAY

COLT automatically reaches for the lock. Of course, there is none.

FAY blathers on. Her flabby features are more pronounced with the liberal use of makeup. HER MOUTH is very red and wet. Her incessant chatter makes her mouth her focal point.

ANGLE - COLT

He can't bear to listen to her. She must be silenced. If he could just stop that mouth. THROUGH THIS:

cont'd

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142. Cont'd

FAY

(cont'd)

Goddammit, what's the matter with you people!? This dump is costing me plenty! I order one thing and receive another. Why put ice cream on the menu if you don't have it? I know you have it because Mrs. Marsh got some. Look at this. Jello. I hate jello.

Colt turns up the volume on the T.V.

FAY

(cont'd)

Who told you to do that? Turn that down!

Colt moves in closer as she continues.

FAY

(cont'd)

Are you deaf!?

Colt puts his finger to his mouth in a 'hush' festure.

FAY

(cont'd)

Don't tell me to hush! What the hell's the matter with you!?

Colt takes off her glasses.

FAY

(cont'd)

Give me those! What kind of idiot game are you playing? I'm going to get your ass fired, pal!

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142. Cont'd

She starts to reach for the switch. COLT yanks a pillow out from behind her, slams it over her face and rests his full weight on it. He's on the bed now, a petulant, angry child killing his teddy bear.

ANGLE - FAY - INCLUDING COLT

She's struggling for breath. COLT takes out his camera and takes several shots of the dying woman. Her face is a defaced canvas: an angry assault by an artist on his work. Her mascara is smeared, she has eye shadow and lip gloss all over her face. COLT puts the pillow back on her face and rests his weight heavily on it again. He removes it, takes off the pillow case, dunks it in the sink and returns to FAY. He washes her face clean and puts her head back on the pillow. He exits.

RETURN TO FAY MARCUS.

DEAD EYES stare up at the T.V.

ANGLE - T.V.

A hospital soap opera - the nurses' agonies become:

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- 142A. INT. WARD CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR - DAY

COLT exits FAY MARCUS' room, goes through the narrow corridor and enters the elevator.

(Cast: Colt.

Extras: Security Guard, 2 Nurses, 1 Orderly.)

142B. INT. MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

COLT exits elevators, arrives near main desk, sees SECURITY GUARDS and POLICEMAN and moves off in another direction.

(Cast: Colt.

Extras: 45.

143. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - NURSES' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A BANK OF CUBICLES line the wall. Sinks cover the opposite wall. PATRICIA ELLIS and DONNA MALONEY and TWO OTHER NURSES exercise their vanities at the sink and move freely into the cubicles. DONNA shakes her 'sting' blouse. Glitter sprinkles on the basins.

ANGLE - CUBICLE

PATRICIA (sarcastically)

Thanks. That stuff's a bitch to wash off.

COLT's feet can be seen under one, but we're not sure under which one.

DONNA

Sorry.  
(covering her bitchiness)

PATRICIA

Christ, it's more like a precinct than a hospital around here.

DONNA

Yeah, I'm having trouble keeping the old people quiet. They think they might be the target.

NURSE I (o.s.)

Mass sedation until it's all over.  
That's the answer.

Laughter. NURSE I exits the cubicle. She checks herself in the mirror.

PATRICIA

I'll settle for a mass evacuation.  
Then I can take a vacation.

NURSE exits. PATRICIA steps into a cubicle.

DONNA

Having a TV personality here isn't helping, either.

143. cont'd

PATRICIA

Well, she's got to be out for that second interview on the 25th.

DONNA is the last one waiting to go into a cubicle. She opens a door. It slams shut. The violent action startles her and us. PATRICIA is in the cubicle.

DONNA

Sorry.

DONNA enters another cubicle.

PATRICIA (exiting cubicle)

I tell you, it's making me crazy. I bet I've aged five years in the last few days.

She starts to exit.

DONNA

Ten years. Cover yourself.

PATRICIA

Thanks.

She exits

CUT TO:

143A. INT. CUBICLE - NURSES' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

DONNA starts changing. A shadow passes in front of her door.

STAY ON HER.

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DONNA

Sorry. Goddamn contacts. I can't see a thing.

PATRICIA

I tell you, it's making me crazy. I bet I've aged five years in the last few days.

DONNA

Ten years. Cover yourself.

Laughter. Donna starts to move into a cubicle.

CUT TO:

144. INT.COUNTY GENERAL- FAY MARCUS' ROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER - DAY

MRS. MARSH enters. She looks at the T.V. for a moment, pulls a chair up next to the bed. She sits and watches television with the very DEAD FAY MARCUS.

ANGLE - DOOR

PATRICIA ELLIS passes.

PATRICIA

Mrs. Marcus, could you turn down your television please?

MRS. MARSH

I'll do it.

MRS. MARSH turns down the T.V.

MRS. MARSH (continued)

Had some nice ice cream.  
(a beat)  
Chocolate Ripple, I think.  
I see you had jello.

MRS. MARSH turns to the door.

144. cont'd

MRS. MARSH (continued)

Mr. Pine!

ANGLE - DOOR

MR. PINE turns. He has a transistor radio stuck to his ear.

MR. PINE

I'm waiting for the news.

MRS. MARSH

Did you see the police downstairs?

MR. PINE enters.

MR. PINE

About time. What are you watching?

MRS. MARSH

I don't know.

MR. PINE

Turn on the news.

MRS. MARSH

It's not my T.V.

MR. PINE takes a close look at FAY MARCUS.

MRS. MARSH (continuing)

I tell you, I'm frightened.  
I called my daughter.

MR. PINE

Sshhhh.

MRS. MARSH

What's the matter?

MR. PINE backs off.

cont'd

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MRS. MARSH (continuing)

What is it?

MR. PINE

I think she's dead.

MRS. MARSH rises. She supports herself on the bed. FAY'S hand falls off the bed. It hangs cold and lifeless.

CUT TO:

145. INT. COUNTY GENERAL- LAUNDRY DISPOSAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

COLT is sitting in a dark recess of the room. His hands rest between his legs, knees pulled up. He's breathing heavily. He's now operating in a strange zone. The thrill of the kill, danger, fear and cunning have fused into a physical manifestation. His body is shaking. He struggles to control it.

CAMERA PULL BACK TO DISCOVER:

PILES OF REJECTED LAUNDRY. PIECES TOO SOILED OR TORN TO BE LAUNDERED. This is a fitting spot for Colt. The atmosphere is infernal. A WAY STATION OF HELL.

CAMERA PULLS UP. PASSAGE OF TIME.

146. INT. COUNTY GENERAL- ROOM 1003 - TWILIGHT

DEBORAH sits on the edge of the bed. GARY tries to help her into the wheelchair.

GARY

Watch the arm, for Christ's sake!

DEBORAH

Gary, this time I know I heard him!

146. cont'd

GARY

Impossible.

DEBORAH

It isn't im...

GARY

Okay, now listen, I went to the police and made a lot of noise, kicked a little ass. They're turning this place into a fortress. All it needs is a drawbridge.

DEBORAH

I want to go home.

DEBORAH starts to cry.

GARY

Look, you've developed a mild infection. That's why they've got you on that thing...

GARY indicates I.V. which is pumping antibiotics into her.

DEBORAH

I'm not hallucinating, gaddamnit!

GARY

Calm down.

DEBORAH

Take me to the window.

GARY wheels her over. He pulls the I.V. along with her.

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ANGLE - FAVOURING WINDOW - It's getting dark.

GARY starts to speak.

DEBORAH

Don't say anything. Please.

(a beat)

I'm right where he wants me.

It's just a matter of time, now.

GARY sits on the sill opposite DEBORAH. He looks at her for a moment.

GARY

I won't let anything happen to you.

(a beat)

Deb, please.

No answer. GARY lowers his head.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE WINDOW TAKING US TO DARKNESS.  
PASSAGE OF TIME.

147. DELETED

- 125.

148. INT.COUNTY GENERAL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The lights have been turned off. Outlined against the green walls of the massive room is a solitary figure...sipping coffee. We know who it is without moving in. An outcast: alone, he fits well in this large, empty eating hall.

CLOSE SHOT - COLT

He is thinking about his victim. He takes out a vial of pills. Uppers. He takes several.

149. INT. COUNTY GENERAL ROOM 1003 - SAME TIME - NIGHT

ANGLE - GARY

GARY is sleeping in a chair, facing DEBORAH.  
SOUND OF MATCH STRIKING. He bolts out of his sleep.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She has just lit a cigarette. She takes a deep puff. Sighs.

DEBORAH

Not one word.

GARY works up a cynical smile. SOUND OF KNOCK ON DOOR. GARY rises and goes to the door. He opens it. It is the guard who will be stationed next to her door. His name is GRANT.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She listens to the mumbled exchange.

ANGLE - FAVOURING DOOR -

GARY has GRANT stick his head in.

GARY

This is Grant. He'll be right at your door.

cont'd

149. cont'd

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DEBORAH

Hi.

GRANT

Hello.

GRANT smiles, has another quick exchange with GARY who exits with him.

GARY

(sticking his head back in)  
I'm going to have to run by  
the studio, I'll be back.

DEBORAH nods. GARY starts to exit, sees DEBORAH, walks to her, kisses her warmly, exits without a word.

150. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

SAME SHOT AS BEFORE

No one is there.

151. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Empty halls. Footsteps. A TINKLING BELL.

LONG SHOT - COLT

He comes towards us dressed as a doctor. In the narrow corridor COLT breaks a small portion of glass of the first door, closest to the elevators, in order to unlock it.

152. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - WARD DESK - 10th FLOOR - NIGHT

SHEILA and PATRICIA are at the desk with the SECURITY GUARD.

153. INT. COUNTY GENERAL- WARD CORRIDOR (NEAR ROOM 1003) - NIGHT

COLT approaches. He stops.

ANGLE - GUARD GRANT

He sits in front of Room 1003 reading.

RETURN TO COLT

He continues on towards Room 1003. He quickly slips into the room next to hers.

154. INT.COUNTY GENERAL - VINNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's VINNIE BRADSHAW. He appears to be asleep. COLT recognizes him as the man who he wheeled into the Therapy Room. He knows that if the man awakens, he'll recognize Colt in a different uniform. COLT takes out some adhesive tape, cuts two pieces, attaches them to the side of the bed, and works on the lock separating Deborah's from Vinnie's room.

ANGLE - VINNIE BRADSHAW

He starts to awaken.

ANGLE - COLT

He stops. Waits.

ANGLE - VINNIE

VINNIE'S eyes open wide. He registers shock and starts to speak. COLT slams the TENSION BALL into his mouth, slaps some adhesive tape over it, grabs a scapel from his bag, raises it.

ANGLE - KNIFE CATCHING THE LIGHT. SHIMMERING.

MEDIUM SHOT - VINNIE BRADSHAW

The knife slashes him down the middle.

cont'd

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154. cont'd

ANGLE - FAVOURING HEADBOARD

VINNIE'S body shakes as COLT goes back to work on the door. THE SHAKING causes a scraping of the headboard on the wall.

CUT TO:

COLT

He reacts.

CUT TO:

155. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ROOM 1003 - NIGHT

DEBORAH hears it.

CUT TO:

156. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - WARD CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT

GRANT, the guard, reacts. He rises.

CUT TO:

157. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - Vinnie's Room - NIGHT

GRANT enters.

ANGLE - BED

The curtain has been pulled. GRANT approaches, pulls it back. Vinnie lies there like a pig with an apple stuck in its mouth.

cont'd

157. cont'd

ANGLE - GRANT

GRANT turns. SUDDENLY, he's jerked by the arm toward COLT who slams him once in the throat with a judo cut, releases the arm and jerks him again, slamming the flat of his hand into Grant's larynx. GRANT falls back against the window, taking the I.V. unit with him. The I.V. shatters the window. COLT throws GRANT through the Ward Secretary's Office Window. COLT rushes out. GRANT struggles for breath.

158. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - WARD CORRIDOR AND ROOM 1003 - NIGHT

COLT rushes to Room 1003, Deborah's. He opens the door. Stares at his victim.

DEBORAH looks at her pursuer. She lets out a scream.

ANGLE - COLT

He stares at her for a second.

ANGLE - COLT AND DEBORAH

It's as though both are frozen in a time warp. He's mesmerized by the agony he's causing, breaking down his victim even more. His hesitation, his sadistic glee have given her time. SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS.

COLT turns down the hallway.

159. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SEVERAL PEOPLE are rushing down the corridor, including SHEILA, PATRICIA and ORDERLIES. COLT races down the hall.

160. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ROOM 1003 - SAME TIME - NIGHT

ANGLE - FAVOURING DOOR

An ORDERLY, SHEILA and PATRICIA enter. They stand frozen in shock.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

Head resting back, sobbing. These are the frustrated sobs of someone pushed to the limit.

161. DELETED

162. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

COLT enters the engine room. He sees a window under some pipes. He breaks the window and escapes.

163. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - MAIN ENTRANCE/LOBBY - NIGHT

In the hospital lobby we see SECURITY GUARDS disappear into elevators and stairs. Others run outside the hospital.

164. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - STREET - NIGHT

COLT jumps over a fence and finds himself in the street. He gets into his van, identified by the name of his "Cleaning Company". Everything is quiet around him. He starts the engine. He's frustrated and doesn't know how to release his anger from having been thwarted.

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165. DELETED

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166. INT. ROOMING HOUSE - COLT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - COLT

He stands frozen. His eyes scan the room.

ANGLE - ROOM

"SICKO" "SLEAZE" "CREEP" "SCUM BAG" have been scrawled on the walls with lipstick. His slantboard has been slashed and honey has been poured into the lining. His furniture has been disemboweled, his blender broken, fruit and vegetables crushed into the carpet and wallpaper. He walks into his closet.

ANGLE - CLOSET

His clothes have been slashed and stained with food.

ANGLE - WALL - PICTURE COLLAGE

The pictures are there. Except for one empty spot. The pictures of Sheila Munro are also there but several are missing. He runs his hand over the empty space where three photographs were pasted.

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167. INT. ROOMING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

COLT rushes down the stairs.

LOUISE SHEPHERD opens her door and watches COLT rush out. She is astonished. SALLY and MR. DAILY enter the Rooming House.

168. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

POLICEMEN and DOCTORS take VINNIE BRADSHAW out of his room on a stretcher. There is quite a lot of activity in the corridor. SOME PATIENTS have awakened and are in the hall. They are sent back to their rooms by the NURSES and DONNA MALONEY.

169. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - WARD DESK - NIGHT

At the ward desk SHEILA is almost hysterical. PATRICIA tries to comfort her.

170. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MRS. MARSH and MR. PINE are dressed in civilian clothes, they disappear into the elevator.

171. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

GARY BAYLOR rushes into the hospital. He is stopped by a POLICEMAN who wants to see his identification. There is a great deal of activity in the lobby.

ANGLE - FAVOURING EXTERIOR

POLICEMEN and several Police cars. GARY waits impatiently to be cleared.

cont'd

171. cont'd

ANGLE - ELEVATOR

MRS. MARSH and MR. PINE exit the elevator and move towards the main desk. They've each packed an overnight bag.

MR. PINE

Now be firm.

MRS. MARSH

Poor Mr. Bradshaw.

MR. PINE

Worry about yourself now.

MRS. MARSH

And Mrs. Marcus...

They approach the DESK NURSE.

DESK NURSE

(impatiently)  
Yes?

MR. PINE

We're checking out. We'd like our valuables.

The DESK NURSE has been through this before. She sighs, picks up the phone, connects with their ward.

DESK NURSE

Patricia, could you come down, please?

MRS. MARSH

I knew we wouldn't make it.

cont'd

- 135.

171. cont'd

MR. PINE

(confidentially)  
Tomorrow. We'll get out  
tomorrow. I've got a plan.

GARY passes them, gives them a glance.

172. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - ALL ANGLES - NIGHT

COLT is circling the hospital in his VAN. There are POLICE at every entrance of the street that leads to the hospital, at the window of the Engine Room, through which Colt escaped. POLICE are stationed at the shed with the underground passage to the hospital. It is finally sealed.

COLT is driving faster. He can't get in. He's becoming careless, reckless. He pulls out and away from the hospital.

173. DELETED

174. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ROOM 1003 - NIGHT

DEBORAH is struggling to get up. Frustration and fear have given way to anger. GARY and SHEILA hold her back.

cont'd

174. cont'd

GARY

(to Deborah)  
Will you wait, Goddamnit!  
(to Sheila)  
Can't you get her something?

SHEILA nods and exits hurriedly.

DEBORAH

He's going right through this  
hospital until he gets me!  
Look how many people are dead because  
of me!

GARY

Not because of you, because of him.  
Don't do that to yourself. We found  
the place he escaped from. It's sealed  
off now.

DEBORAH

Sealed? No. It's not sealed. He's  
in; he's out. This place is about as  
secure as an all night coffee shop!  
Nothing stops him.

GARY

Deb, please!

DEBORAH

Why?! Why is he after me!?

THROUGH THIS:

ANGLE - FAVOURING HALLWAY

MR. PINE and MRS. MARSH are reluctantly being taken  
back to their rooms by PATRICIA and an ORDERLY.

cont'd

174. cont'd

GARY

You're a strong woman,  
independent, capable of  
making decisions. Decisions  
that sway public opinion.  
You make a lot of people  
angry.

DEBORAH

What did I say?! What did  
I do?!

GARY

I think it's the Janet Macklin  
thing. That's why the big  
push. He doesn't want you to  
make that second interview.

DEBORAH

Then why isn't he going after her?

GARY

Because you're telling America  
she's right. And you're telling  
his sick mind he's wrong. You're  
the focus, not her.  
(a beat)  
You've triggered a psychopath.

DEBORAH

I want to get out of here now!

GARY

I'm staying with you. The  
rest of the night. We'll quietly  
try to get you out in the morning.

75. DELETED

176. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - PRIVATE WARD CORRIDOR - SAME TIME - NIGHT

ANGLE - FAVORING MR. PINE'S ROOM

(Note: scene to include DONNA MALONEY, 2 MALE NURSES &  
1 Security Guard)

SHEILA passes the room on the way to DEBORAH's to give her a sedative. PATRICIA is taking off MR. PINE's coat. DONNA is trying to urge MRS. MARSH back to her room. She sits fixed on the edge of MR. PINE's bed.

DONNA (to Sheila)

Help.

It's a gentle, pleading gesture, half jest.

MRS. MARSH

I'm not budging.

PATRICIA (to Sheila)

Oh, did you get your page? Someone downstairs wants to see you.

SHEILA

(midst of confusion)

Yes...

(to Donna)

Could you take these to Deborah Ballin?

DONNA

Sure.

MRS. MARSH

You can serve my breakfast right here.

DONNA sighs, exits. SHEILA moves down the hall.

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SHEILA

Yes.  
(a beat)  
How's Mr. Pine?

PATRICIA

Going to be big trouble.

SHEILA moves ahead to get her call.

(Note: Scene includes Mr. Pine in his room.)

177. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

SHEILA approaches, LISA is waiting for her.

SHEILA

What are you doing here?  
(to Security)  
It's all right, I know her.

LISA starts in.

LISA

I had to see you. I remember  
you said you worked here.

SHEILA

Are you all right?

SHEILA quickly checks her over with a quick visual scan.

LISA

Yes. I wanted to give you  
this.

LISA hands SHEILA a picture. SHEILA looks at it.

cont'd

177. cont'd

ANGLE - PICTURE

It's the picture that Colt took of her driving.  
There are several more. SHEILA turns ashen.

SHEILA

Where'd you get this?

LISA

Colt. The creep that messed  
me up. I told you I'd make  
him pay. Me and a couple of  
friends redecorated his  
apartment. This was on the  
wall of his closet. Some  
others, too.

SHEILA

You know where he lives?

LISA

Yeah.

SHEILA

Come on.

LISA holds back.

LISA

I brought the pictures.  
That's it.

SHEILA

You're lucky you're alive,  
Lisa. You owe some people.

cont'd

177. cont'd

LISA

He's killed somebody?

SHEILA

Yes.

LISA takes a beat. She goes with SHEILA.

Just when they are ready to step into the elevator,  
SHEILA is called by the DESK NURSE.

DESK NURSE

Sheila, telephone for you.

SHEILA

Take the message.

DESK NURSE

Maybe you should take it.  
It sounds strange.

Worried, SHEILA takes the call for her from the desk.

SHEILA approaches. She takes the phone.

SHEILA

(into phone)

Hello?

(a beat)

Hello?

VO

"Mama", "Mama"

A BEAT

cont'd

177. cont'd

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SHEILA

Who is this?

Dial tone. LISA looks up.

LISA

What is it?

SHEILA is busy dialing. It's busy and she hangs up.

SHEILA

(very nervous)

(a beat)

Go up to Deborah's room - 1003.  
Tell them I had to rush home.  
Show these pictures to Gary  
Baylor and to the Police  
Officer with him.

SHEILA rushes down the hall.

LISA goes to take the elevator, she is called by an ELEVATOR POLICEMAN.

ELEVATOR POLICEMAN

Where do you think you're  
going?

LISA

To Deborah Ballin's room - 1003.

ELEVATOR POLICEMAN

Are you registered?

LISA

No.

The ELEVATOR POLICEMAN takes LISA back to the main desk.

178. EXT/INT. COUNTY GENERAL - MAIN ENTRANCE (BY DOORS) - NIGHT

Frantically SHEILA approaches the SECURITY OFFICER.  
She is out of breath and very nervous.

SHEILA

Listen, I need your help.  
I got a call, and it may  
be the man you're looking  
for.

SECURITY OFFICER signals an ENTRANCE POLICEMAN. He  
approaches.

SECURITY OFFICER

The lady needs help.

ENTRANCE POLICEMAN

What is it?

SHEILA

Please... the man you're  
after. I just got a call.

ENTRANCE POLICEMAN

Now hold on... Slowly.

SHEILA

My daughter... I have to go.  
Please just come with me.

ENTRANCE POLICEMAN

I'm on duty. I can't.

SHEILA

Can you call or something?

ENTRANCE POLICEMAN

If you'll explain what it's  
all about.

cont'd

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SHEILA

Oh Christ. Forget it.

SHEILA rushes out. The entrance POLICEMAN cautiously walks to patrol car. He starts to call in.

ANGLE - FAVOURING INTERIOR

LISA sees SHEILA, tries to reach her.

179. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SHEILA rushes towards her car. She tears out of the lot. Not knowing that Lisa has been thwarted.

180. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - UPPER CORRIDOR/DENISE'S ROOM NIGHT

COLT opens Denise's bedroom door and sees that she is sleeping.

181. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

LISA is seated in a corner of the entrance hall. It seems that they forgot about her. Disgusted she stands up and walks towards the exit. She is called by the ELEVATOR POLICEMAN.

ELEVATOR POLICEMAN

O.K. Come with me.

LISA

About fuckin' well time.

The ELEVATOR POLICEMAN walks into the elevator in front of her. They go up to the 10th floor.

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182. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - WARD CORRIDOR DESK - NIGHT

The ELEVATOR POLICEMAN takes LISA to the desk where PATRICIA is..

ELEVATOR POLICEMAN

Take her to room 1003.

PATRICIA agrees. The ELEVATOR POLICEMAN goes back. PATRICIA is taking LISA when a red light flashes. PATRICIA comes back. Now everything is quiet in the hall.

PATRICIA

(sighing)

Mr. Pine. I knew it.

(to Lisa)

Hang on here for a second.

PATRICIA goes to a room in the opposite direction of room 1003.

LISA

(sighing)

Jesus.

LISA sits back on the desk and starts playing with a pen.

183. EXT. SHEILA'S STREET - HALF HOUR LATER - NIGHT

SHEILA slowly drives toward her house.

She quietly parks. The house is dark.

183A. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

COLT, for one shot is inside the house, his hand on the window drapes.

184. EXT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - REAR - NIGHT

SHEILA moves to the back of the house. She opens the back door and cautiously enters.

185. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Darkness. SHEILA turns on the lights. She moves to the drawer and pulls out a butcher knife. She makes her way to the foyer.

186. INT SHEILA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SHEILA sees someone wrapped in a blanket watching television. The picture is ON but there is NO SOUND.

POV - SHEILA

She moves CLOSER. CLOSER. BLONDE HAIR. It must be Denise. She moves to the front of the couch.

ZOOM IN ON BRIDGET'S DOLL - WRAPPED LIKE A SNUG VIEWER.

SHEILA opens the blanket. IT HAS BEEN SPLIT OPEN. THE SOUND DEVICE HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT WITH REST OF THE CUT PADDING.

ANGLE - SHEILA

She can feel the hair on the back of her neck starting to rise. Someone is behind her. SHE TURNS.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ROOM

No one is there. SHEILA starts out of the room.

187. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

The phone is off the hook. SHEILA replaces it.

She starts up the stairs. SLOWLY. SLOWLY.

SHEILA approaches Bridget's room. She enters.

188. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

SHEILA

(quietly)  
Bridget?

No response.

SHEILA (continuing)

(approaching)  
Bridget?

No response. She moves closer, looks behind the door, all around her, starts to kneel. BRIDGET BOLTS out of the sound sleep. SHEILA pulls back STARTLED.

BRIDGET

Mommy?

SHEILA hugs BRIDGET. BRIDGET hangs on her. She's sleepy.

SHEILA

Go back to sleep, honey.

SHE tucks her daughter in, exits.

189. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - DENISE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DENISE is lying on the bed. SHEILA goes to her. She's asleep, BREATHING. SHEILA exits.

190. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

FAVOURING SHEILA'S DESCENT.

SHEILA comes down the stairs and moves into the living room. She lays down the KNIFE and moves to the phone.

STAY ON KNIFE.

She dials.

MOVE IN SLOWLY ON SHEILA.

SHEILA

Hi. Mr. Baylor, it's Sheila.

(a beat)

No, no. I'm okay.

(a beat)

Would you put Ms. Ballin on?

SHEILA leans against the table while looking around her. She's scared, she shivers.

SHEILA

Hello.

Suddenly, FROM UNDER THE TABLE A KNIFE SPEARS UPWARDS. COLT, hidden under the table, slams the knife into her ribs. SHEILA drops the phone and falls on the floor.

SHEILA moans.

COLT draws himself up, sees the telephone on the floor, brings it near SHEILA enough so that Deborah can hear Sheila's moans.

COLT takes his camera out. SOUND OF THE "WHOSH" of exposed photographs, in automatic repetition.

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191. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ROOM 1003 - NIGHT

DEBORAH

Sheila! Sheila!  
(to Gary)  
Gary, something's happening.

While the conversation is going on PATRICIA and LISA appear in the door.

192. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

COLT takes a last picture, hangs up the phone, picks up his knife to finish off his victim.

BRIDGET (VO)

Mommy? Mommy?

COLT hesitates, turns around, takes a couple of steps back.

193. INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

ANGLE - BRIDGET

She stands at the top of the stairs.

RETURN TO COLT

He starts to move towards her.

DENISE appears too, at the top of the stairs, seeing COLT she grabs BRIDGET. Starts to scream.

COLT stops- turns, looks at SHEILA, who's dying, hesitates, contemplating the consequences, exits.

RETURN TO BRIDGET

BRIDGET stands confused.

194. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

- 150.

GARY exits, running with the PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 SHEILA FAILED TO GET TO JOIN HER and LISA.

GARY

Give him the address:

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

There'll be an ambulance there.

LISA hands the PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 the address. They enter the police car and drive off. LISA stands alone at the entrance.

CUT TO:

195. INT. ROOMING HOUSE - COLT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT

COLT has just entered. He moves to the kitchen, opens the fridge and pours himself a glass of milk. He drinks slowly, hitting the side of the glass with a knife. The knife strikes the glass with a TINKLING SOUND at first and then GETS LOUDER. Finally, the glass shatters.

COLT walks to the sink, gets a towel and returns. Instead of cleaning up the mess, he wraps the towel around his upper left arm. Tight. Tighter. He suddenly brings his arm down hard on the glass.

He cries out. His eyes begin to water. He closes them. Tears of pain and anguish drench his lashes. He moves to his door. Exits.

196. DELETED

*Colt milk  
Colt wrap  
Colt wrap  
do get  
ambulance*

cont'd

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197. EXT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

The Police Car with GARY and the PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 arrives near Shiela's house. There's already an Ambulance and two Police cars. A PARAMEDIC is transporting SHEILA on a stretcher to the Ambulance. PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 and GARY rush up to him.

PARAMEDIC

(to PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1)  
(who walks with the stretcher)  
Blade cracked her rib but saved  
her life.

Little BRIDGET is crying in DENISE'S arms, who's completely stupified.

GARY

Can you take them with you?

cont'd

97. Cont'd

PARAMEDIC

Sure.

GARY helps them into the ambulance.

The PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 who accompanied Gary comes up to him.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

Two cars have been sent to his apartment.

They rush to the patrol car.

(Note: Scene also to include Sheila's car and 1 unmarked car.)

ANGLE FAVOURING WINDOW - THROUGH CURTAINS - STAY ON WINDOW.

COLT is still parked outside. He pulls out.

198. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An ambulance screeches through the night. We don't know who it contains.

199. EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Four police cars arrive rapidly near the Rooming House. SIX POLICEMEN get out of the cars and they run into the building. (Note: to include 2 unmarked cars and 1 'SWAT' van.)

199A. INT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Police & 'SWAT' team rush upstairs to Colt's apartment.

*Colt  
We see  
NOT  
is*

200. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - STREET NEARBY - NIGHT

The street that leads to the hospital is closed. The ambulance stops. The DRIVER identifies himself and the ambulance continues. COLT watches the POLICEMAN who is letting him enter.

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201. EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

An ambulance, lights flashing, enters the underground parking area.

ANGLE - REAR OF AMBULANCE

The doors open. COLT is transferred to a gurney. POLICE pass unsus-  
picuously.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ENTRANCE.

The gurney is pushed through the doors. From the angle, it resembles  
a giant projectile entering the bowels of the hospital. Evil has crept  
in and will surely spread.

202. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - EMERGENCY AREA - NIGHT

SHEILA, on a stretcher, is taken to the operating room very quickly.

DENISE and BRIDGET are being taken care of by ORDERLIES.

ANGLE - FAVOURING CORRIDOR IN THE REAR

SEVERAL POLICEMEN hang around the entrance. As the doors swing COLT turns long enough to make mental note of the Security. The POLICE are evident, in force, but not obtrusive.

TRAVELING WITH COLT - ON GURNEY

HEALERS assemble to aid the evil whose mission is to undo their good work. An ironic smile breaks the waxen mold. COLT is enjoying the perversion, this vitation of Hippocratism.

COLT'S stretcher goes by near DENISE and BRIDGET who are taken somewhere else by the ORDERLIES. BRIDGET'S eyes see, for a fraction of a second, COLT'S eyes. COLT turns his head. Nothing happened.

203. INT. ROOMING HOUSE - COLT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT

GARY and the PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 join the POLICEMEN searching Colt's room. POLICEMAN #1 comes to the PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 with a picture of Gwen Calder.

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203. cont'd

POLICEMAN #1

The Judge who was killed two weeks ago. He's got a whole assortment in there.

They move to the closet.

INT. CLOSET - ANGLE - COLLAGE

The pictures of all the dead and dying.

POLICEMAN #1

Jesus Christ! What the hell is this?

GARY

Stand back. Take a look.  
Paste that picture back.

They move to the entrance of the closet. POLICEMAN #1 pastes the picture back.

ANGLE - COLLAGE

It forms a "SKULL"

GARY

He's created a death mask.

ANOTHER POLICEMAN enters.

POLICEMAN II

There's some blood in the foyer...  
on the bannister, too.

POLICEMAN #1

Where's the landlady?

POLICEMAN II

Old lady up here says she went out to get a bottle. There's an all night market on the corner.

cont'd

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203. cont'd

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

Go get her.

ANGLE - FAVOURING HALLWAY

SALLY FLAVIN and MR. DAILEY stick their heads out, and back in. Neither is dressed. A strange outfit for playing cards!

204. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - EMERGENCY ANTEROOM - LATER - NIGHT

A rest area. Several curtained stalls house recovering patients. A curtain is pulled back, revealing COLT on a cot. AN EMERGENCY NURSE makes him comfortable.

EMERGENCY NURSE

Rest here. If you need anything, push this buzzer.

COLT nods. A NURSE pulls the curtains. STAY ON CURTAINS. The lighting reveals a shadowly figure in repose. IT RISES SLOWLY: SOMETHING ASCENDING FROM THE GRAVE, IT STOPS AT A SITTING POSITION.

Evil is now on the move.

CUT TO:

205. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - SURGICAL TRAY

Freshly autoclaved surgical instruments are laid out on a sterile towel.

ANGLE - NURSE

She re-enters a utility room, grabs some guaze and returns. She stops in her tracks.

RETURN TO SURGICAL TRAY.

A scalpel is missing.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

No one is there.

206. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - STAIRS - NIGHT

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COLT goes up the stairs, arrives in the hall on the tenth floor, opens the door.

COLT'S face is frozen. His bandaged arm is in a sling.

207. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - PRIVATE WARD DESK/CORRIDOR/N.D. ROOMS - NIGHT

PATRICIA ELLIS, R.N. is on the phone.

RETURN TO COLT

He moves down another corridor.

ANOTHER ANGLE - COLT

He sticks his head in several doors.

ANGLE - FAVOURING PATIENTS

All are asleep. He's looking for something. We don't know what. He continues his search.

ANGLE - FAVOURING PATIENT

Obviously very ill. COLT slips in. A long beat.  
He exits.

ANGLE - FAVOURING ANOTHER PATIENT

Very ill, on an I.V. COLT slips in. A long beat.  
He exits.

COLT moves down another corridor, he hears footsteps.

ANGLE - WARD DESK

CLOSE SHOT - ROOM PANEL

THREE LIGHTS ARE ON. COLT has turned on the Nurses Aid switch in three rooms to keep Patricia occupied.

ANGLE - CORRIDOR

COLT moves determinedly towards Deborah's room.

*Brian* [ - ]

- eliminate the 2 nurses  
- killing the guard  
→ or: evidently  
→ or: we see his legs

*push buttons  
in old room to other  
people*

*editing decision*

208. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ROOM 1003 - NIGHT

DEBORAH sits back nervously smoking a cigarette. SHE HEARS FOOTSTEPS. Thinking it's a nurse, she quickly starts to put it out. Conditioned reflex. Then she reconsiders. After what she's been through she's entitled.

She attempts to thumb through a magazine. She reaches for a glass of water as she reads. Glass is nearly empty. She starts to rise to get another glass of water from the bathroom, but realizes the antibiotic I.V. is attached. She starts to ring for the nurse.

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR FLIES OPEN. COLT LUNGES LIKE A MAD DOG EVEN BEFORE SHE HAS A CHANCE TO SCREAM.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

A hand is thrust over her mouth, another on her throat. The hand squeezes the sound out, leaving her temporarily mute. Red marks appear on her throat. The hand gets a firmer grip. The other hand smoothes down her hair, slips under her blouse. Power has stimulated him, momentarily distracting him.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She's being pushed back on the bed. She reaches out, grabs the stand of the I.V., falls back with it. The full container falls with her.

ANGLE - DEBORAH'S HAND

Slowly losing consciousness, she desperately reaches for a weapon: the I.V. stand.

ANGLE - COLT

He raises the scalpel. He has one hand on her breast, and one hand poised above her.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She grabs the glass I.V. stand and slams it into COLT'S face. He falls back, wiping the blood from his eyes, temporarily blinded. She stumbles from the room.

208A. INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

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ANOTHER ANGLE - DEBORAH

She tries to scream. Only barely audible grunts are expelled.

209. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - PRIVATE WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DEBORAH stumbles down the hall to the desk.

ANGLE - DESK

DEBORAH reaches for the phone.

ANGLE - ROOM 903.

COLT stumbles out. Trying to get his bearings. He sees DEBORAH.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She backs out from behind the desk and rushes down the hall. SHE TRIES TO SCREAM. NO SOUND.

210. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - PRIVATE WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DEBORAH is rushing through a nightmare. She moves to the elevator.

ANGLE - ELEVATOR

She pushes the button. AGAIN. AGAIN.

ANGLE - COLT - INCLUDING DEBORAH

COLT is coming towards her, enraged, scalpel in hand. He moves closer. DEBORAH tries crying out. A silent groan.

ANGLE - COLT

He rushes towards her.

ANGLE - ELEVATOR

It opens. DEBORAH rushes inside.

211.A. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ELEVATOR/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DEBORAH pushes the "Close" button. The door closes on COLT'S arm. The scalpel is in his hand. He tries to pry the door open. It starts to give. It rattles back and forth as DEBORAH continues pushing the "Close" button. Man and machinery vie for supremacy. Machinery wins. COLT drops the scalpel and pulls his arm out. The scalpel falls at his feet. He grabs it.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She sighs relief. She pushes the first floor button. Nothing happens.

211.B. INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME - COUNTY GENERAL

CLOSE SHOT - ELEVATOR CONTROL MECHANISM

A burly hand has just shifted a LEVER between AUTOMATIC and MANUAL. The door to the box swings back REVEALING A KEY dangling from the lock. He pushes the door open again and slams the LEVER up to MANUAL, closes and locks the door.

QUICK CUT TO:

211.C. INT. ELEVATOR - COUNTY GENERAL - SAME TIME

Deborah is frantically pushing the 1st floor button. The 'B' light goes on. She continues pushing '1'.

QUICK CUT TO:

211.B. INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME - COUNTY GENERAL

A MAINTENANCE MAN pushes a large laundry bin into the laundry room which is to the side of the elevators. A cigarette dangles out of his mouth. He's not supposed to be smoking. He fans the air, checks the area, moves into the laundry room and, realizing he could be reprimanded for smoking, closes the door. It now appears that no one is around.

QUICK CUT TO:

- 159A.

212. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ELEVATOR/CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Colt is watching the elevator descend.

QUICK CUT TO:

213. INT. ELEVATOR - SAME TIME - DEBORAH

She's pushing all the floors, trying to get the elevator to stop.

QUICK CUT TO:

214. INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The laundry man loads the bin with fresh laundry.

QUICK CUT TO:

215. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ELEVATOR/CORRIDOR - COLT

ANGLE FAVOURING FLOOR NUMBERS.

The elevator stops on 'B'. He pushes the elevator button.

QUICK CUT TO:

216. INT. ELEVATOR - DEBORAH

ANGLE - FAVOURING INTERIOR OF BASEMENT. - DOORS SWINGING OPEN.

Colt, dark, forbidding.

ANGLE - DEBORAH.

She pushes the close button. 1st floor button. SHE'S IN A CAGE WITH THE DOORS OPEN. She edges to the opening.

ANGLE - BASEMENT - POV DEBORAH

CLOSER TO THE DARK. CLOSER.

ANGLE - FAVOURING DEBORAH.

She exits into the dark. She tries to scream. LOUDER now but still barely audible.

QUICK CUT TO:

217. INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - SAME TIME

The laundry man moves into the bathroom, flicks the cigarette into the toilet. He's now TWICE REMOVED from any sound.

QUICK CUT TO:

217.A. INT. ELEVATOR - COLT

He descends.

QUICK CUT TO:

217.B. INT. BASEMENT - DEBORAH

She steps back into the elevator and tries pushing the buttons again. Nothing happens. She exits.

ANGLE - SECOND ELEVATOR.

She sees the light on. The second elevator is descending.

ANGLE - DEBORAH.

She doesn't know which way to turn.

ANGLE - VARIOUS CORRIDORS.

Each a barely lit artery with connecting vessels.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She chooses one. Runs. SOUND of elevator doors opening. She turns.

POV - DEBORAH

217.C. ANGLE - COLT

The yellow glow of this subterranean chamber has created a spectral glow around Colt. His presence is even more frightening in this underground world.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She cries out. Runs.

217.D. INT. EMERGENCY - COUNTY GENERAL - NIGHT - SAME TIME

EMERGENCY NURSE, EMERGENCY DOCTOR II and SHEILA.

EMERGENCY DOCTOR II  
(to nurse)

I think we've got two splintered  
ribs. Get me a shot of the thorax.

Nurse wheels her out into the hallway. Denise and Bridget run toward  
her.

EMERGENCY NURSE

Your Mommie's okay. She just  
can't talk right now.

Denise holds onto the child. The gurney is wheeled to the elevator.

218. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - BASEMENT TUNNELS - NIGHT

DEBORAH rushes down one of the tunnels.

ANGLE - DEBORAH - RUSHING TOWARD US.

In the bleak, yellowish hue of the basement, COLT follows.

ANOTHER ANGLE - DEBORAH

She turns a corner, rushes through the first door she sees.

219. INT. ROOMING HOUSE - COLT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The POLICEMEN are still searching the room. GARY stands at the window.

ANGLE - DOOR

LOUISE SHEPHERD finally appears with a POLCIEMAN.

LOUISE

What is all this?

LOUISE attempts to hide her paper bagged bottle of vodka.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

Where is he?

LOUISE

Hasn't he been put through enough?

(a beat)

And where's your warrant?

GARY

Where is he?

POLICEMAN I

(squelching Gary)

Hey. We'll handle this.

GARY backs off.

LOUISE

He hurt himself. We had to call an ambulance.

GARY turns.

GARY

What!?

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219. cont'd

LOUISE

*Gerry*

Yes. They took him to West  
General Hospital.

GARY

Jesus!

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

I'll call the hospital.

They rush past LOUISE. She stands dazed, studies the wall.

ANGLE - WALL

"Sicko" takes US TO:

220. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - MAIN ENTRANCE/LOBBY - NIGHT

POLICEMEN, SECURITY GUARDS, OREDERLIES, everyone  
rushes to the elevators and stairs.

221. DELETED

222. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - ANIMAL LABORATORY - NIGHT

The only illumination is the light squeezing in as she's opened the door. Suddenly, SOUND OF A VICIOUS SNARL.

ANGLE - CAGED GERMAN SHEPHERD

It lunges fruitlessly at her from behind bars.  
DEBORAH screams. She backs up into the room.

Other animals start to howl. It is nightmarish!

ANGLE - DOOR

A cart stops. A SECURITY GUARD steps into the room.  
DEBORAH thinks it's Colt! She rushes into the adjoining room, slams the door.

223. INT. COUNTY GENERAL- BASEMENT CORRIDORS - NIGHT

DEBORAH finds herself in a corridor. She runs. She comes back to the long corridor with the coloured pipes.

It's a maze! DEBORAH doesn't know which way to turn. Any corridor might lead her to freedom. Another might lead her right into the arms of Colt. She starts down one of the corridors. Suddenly, she hears a sound behind her. She turns around!

cont'd

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223. cont'd

A small hospital cart is coming towards DEBORAH. She runs.

ANGLE - CART

The blinding light obscures our view.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

The cart is gaining! She rushes into a transversal corridor. She hides there behind a door.

The cart passes by slowly without stopping. It has a spotlight that lights corners. The cart goes through the transversal corridor where she is, without stopping. It's a POLICEMAN who is patrolling the area.

She waits until he's gone. She comes back into the main corridor and leaves in the opposite direction. She often looks back. She turns a corner - another transversal corridor.

She crosses it without problems, but she is out of breath. When she's almost through this corridor, COLT comes down through a ceiling trap where he has been hiding - while the Policeman patrolled the corridor - appears suddenly in front of her.

DEBORAH yells. But with an injured arm and a deep wound on the head, COLT cannot land on his feet; he falls.

DEBORAH turns back, takes the next corridor, comes to some stairs, goes up, sees a corridor with many doors. She tries many of the doors.

224. INT: \*\*COUNTY GENERAL - RADIOLOGY - PARTITIONED ROOM FOR CHANGING - NIGHT

DEBORAH enters, closes the door behind her. She sees curtained partitions, moves toward it. SUDDENLY, the sound of a door being opened makes her rush behind one of the curtains.

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225. OMIT

224. cont'd

INT. COUNTY GENERAL - RADIOLOGY CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

DEBORAH listens. NO SOUND. She creeps out from behind the curtained partition and moves to the connecting door. THE LATCH IS ON THE INSIDE. She starts to turn it. IT CLICKS.

QUICK CUT TO:

225. cont'd

INT. COUNTY GENERAL - CORRIDOR - RADIOLOGY - NIGHT

COLT hears the SOUND OF A LATCH TURNING IN THE NEXT ROOM.

224 cont'd

INT. COUNTY GENERAL - RADIOLOGY CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

DEBORAH starts to turn the knob. SHE HEARS A DOOR OPEN. She rushes back behind the curtain.

ANGLE - DOOR

It swings open, not enough to permit exit, but to appear as though someone has exited.

cont'd

224. cont'd

ANGLE - DEBORAH

DEBORAH cups her hand over her mouth to squelch her heavy breathing. She's nearly sick with fear.

ANGLE - COLT

COLT slips through the door into Radiology.

COLT creeps through. He moves to the door. It's locked. He moves into the center of the room. He sees the connecting door BEYOND THE CURTAINED AREA and moves towards it.

ANOTHER ANGLE - COLT

COLT moves into the partitioned area. He doesn't notice that the door has been opened. He starts pulling back curtains. The first: Nothing. The second: Nothing.

CLOSE SHOT - COLT

The light from the Radiology room catches his eye. He has his hand on the curtain which hides DEBORAH. COLT turns and rushes to the connecting door and moves into the corridor.

DEBORAH falls back against the back wall releasing a fearful sigh. SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS disappearing down the hall. She waits a moment and then exits.

225. INT. COUNTY GENERAL - RADIOLOGY - NIGHT

Deborah moves to Wing 'A' past Ward Desk. Colt is in Wing 'B'. SOUND OF X-RAY hum. There is a light under the door. The light goes out.

ANGLE - DOOR

Deborah slowly opens it.

226. INT. RADIOLOGY - NIGHT

A GLASS PARTITION SEPARATES DEBORAH FROM THE PATIENT. A RED GLOW IS THE ONLY ILLUMINATION. Sheila is on the table. There is a SOUND coming from the development room. Deborah pushes on the glass. Sheila's head starts to rise.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She wants to cry out to her friend. She cannot.

ANGLE - SHEILA

Drugged, though aware, she tries to make contact. Her eyes do her talking. She falls back. SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She glances back. Looks at Sheila. Computes the danger. She backs out of the room and shuts the door in an effort to draw Colt away from Sheila.

227. INT. RADIOLOGY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

She moves down the hall to the next opening. A TEMPORARY DOOR HANGS LIKE A HALF-ATTACHED LIMB. 'RADIOLOGY ANNEX.. COMPLETION DEC. 1st!' is on the door. Deborah enters.

228. INT. RADIOLOGY ANNEX - NIGHT

It is a huge room that is equipped with an enormous ILLUMINATOR and an X-RAY SCANNER THAT RUNS THE LENGTH OF THE ROOM. TUBULAR, PERISCOPIC, IT RUNS ON TRACKS TO THE ILLUMINATOR. THE BEGINNINGS OF A LARGE TABLE REST AGAINST SAW HORSES UNDERNEATH THE TRACK TO GIVE EVIDENCE OF WHAT TO EXPECT ONCE IT IS COMPLETED. VARIOUS TOOLS AROUND. The ceiling is bare cement, cold and gray. The room is being used only to view X-Rays on the HUGE, MODERN ILLUMINATOR. There is no light. SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS. Deborah rushes into a dark recess of the room. She hears the footsteps stop down the hall.

## 229. INT. RADIOLOGY - UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

ANGLE - DOOR

It opens. Colt enters. The room is dark. Only the SOUND of two people breathing can be heard. SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

Trying to swallow her fear.

ANGLE - COLT

He moves in front of the illuminator. He's little more than a shadow. HIS HAND SEARCHES FOR SOMETHING. A SWITCH IS FLICKED ON.

ANOTHER ANGLE - COLT

He's a dangerous silhouette against the illuminator. An apparition. He scans the room. His head moves from one side to another.

RETURN TO DEBORAH

She isn't sure whether he's seen her or not.

ANGLE - COLT

He's teasing. He has seen her. He smiles, starts to move toward her, UNDER THE X-RAY SCANNER, BETWEEN THE TRACKS.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She has nowhere to turn. She takes a beat, looks up. Sees the scanner above her and pushes it with her good arm. THE X-RAY SCANNER HAS NOT BEEN LOCKED. IT ISN'T EVEN SERVICEABLE YET. IT'S A RUNAWAY TRAIN ON A TRACK, WITHOUT BRAKES.

ANGLE - COLT

He hears the SOUND OF METAL ON METAL. He looks up.

POV - COLT

What he sees IS HIS OWN DISTORTED PERSONALITY IN THE METALLIC DISK OF THE PERISCOPIC PROTUBERANCE. THE 'FRIGHT' OF HIS OWN MADNESS takes him off his guard, fascinates him. It's getting ever closer, overtaking him, fusing the RUSH of danger with the FASCINATION of his own madness. IT SLAMS INTO HIS HEAD.

229. CONT'D

ANOTHER ANGLE - COLT

He falls back into the ILLUMINATOR. IT SHATTERS INTO A THOUSAND MILKY SPEARS.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLUMINATOR AND COLT.

SCREAMS fuse with exploding fluorescence, bursts of fire, ignited clothing, the descent of stalagmites, spiraling downwards into Colt, stalagnites bursting through flesh and clothing as Colt's weight rests on the lacerated row of milk glass. He tries to pull himself off, trying to break the glass which has speared into him from above. He's a wounded animal in a cruel jungle trap, moaning and weaving to the last rhythms of life. His arms wave aimlessly now, his strength little more than fruitless fluttering, his body jerking spasmodically.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

Lost in a zone beyond horror. She's almost calm, measured. But these are the controlled steps of someone just this side of a total breakdown. Pushed to the limit, caught in a web of violence, she has acted responsibly but furiously. The collision of emotions inside has given her a strength, albeit a strange demeanor. She moves toward the dark of the next room. She's following the track, next to Colt. She seems to be unaware of him.

POV - DEBORAH

Closer to the dark. Closer.

ANGLE - INCLUDING COLT AND DEBORAH

SUDDENLY, his hand reaches out, grabs her ankle.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

She screams. He has a death grip on her. She kicks at it, trying to pry it loose. SUDDENLY, she falls free, into the dark.

230. INT. DARK ANNEX - NIGHT

ARMS CATCH HER. SHE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE - GARY.

He tries to lift her.

- last page -

231. INT. DARK ANNEX - NIGHT

Arms catch DEBORAH. She looks up.

ANGLE - GARY

He tries to lift her.

ANGLE - DEBORAH

Her mouth hangs open. She's in a state of shock. Suddenly, the dark is alight. Flashes illuminate the dark. GARY, DEBORAH, THE POLICE in the background. PHOTOGRAPHERS are capturing a moment. Turning agony into an event. COLT is photographed. DEBORAH again. GARY. Glass. The body. His face. His eyes. DEBORAH again. The fusion of horror and media event make us, the viewer, the voracious consumer whose demanding appetite the media must satisfy.

T H E     E N D

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